# messing about in BOATS

**Special Features This Issue**

Buffalo Maritime Festival 2013 – *Auklet* Comes Home
You Lose Some Only to Win Some
Working Buoys – The Motor Whaleboat
*Rosie Parks* to Launch – Efficient Rowing

Volume 31 – Number 8 December 2013

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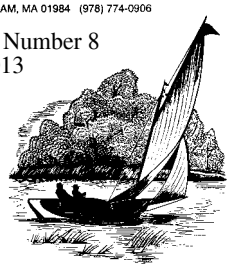

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## In This Issue...



# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's the end of October as I write this and Charlie and I have packed in our paddling for the year. Temperatures dropping into the 40s with water temperatures following, even on our quiet river/streams, take the pleasure away. Also the flora and fauna that intrigue naturalist Charlie have pretty well expired or headed south. The end of the season for us means only leaving the kayaks on the trailer (Charlie) or on hanging on the wall in the shed (me) where they will remain, unmolested, until next May.

Once a week since last May (usually Wednesday), with occasional misses due to bad weather, we have met at some chosen location on one of the flatwater rivers or more interesting smallish lakes within an hour's (occasionally two) drive from either of us (we live 70 miles apart and often meet somewhere in between) for what are usually about three hour, six mile or so outings. Because Charlie cannot exit his kayak without a wheelchair we do upstream and back trips, no shuttles. And for the same reason we do no portages, Charlie is in the kayak to stay once we're afloat until we return to the starting location.

Several of our favored rivers are wide enough to not have been dammed up by the proliferating beaver population. Such rivers as the Upper Charles, the Sudbury, the Concord, the Nashua and the Assabet, all within an hour's drive for either of us, are all popular greater Boston area flatwater paddling choices, but mid week we seldom meet anyone and have them all to ourselves. All have dams across them from town to town where early industrial revolution industry set up to capture the water power, in effect turning the rivers into a series of long narrow lakes. Again, with portaging not possible for us, this results in some limitations placed upon our paddling range.

Despite the close proximity of suburban sprawl these rivers are amazingly "wild" in ambiance with protected adjacent wetlands/wildlife areas. The main intrusion into this illusion is traffic noise from nearby highways visually screened from our view by the surrounding shoreline woods. Despite their size and weekend traffic they harbor indigenous bird life, great blue herons, small green herons, cranes, swans, geese and ducks, cormorants and smaller birds such as red winged blackbirds. And the often muddy shorelines are home to painted turtles basking in the sun on exposed partly submerged deadwood limbs. Beavers and muskrats also live along the riverbanks but they stay out of sight.

Smaller streams that we have enjoyed over the past several years are increasingly being blocked by beaver dams. At spring high water these dams can be paddled over as they are submerged but by summer when water levels drop there they are. Even a 6" high dam is beyond our ability to surmount as I cannot drag Charlie up over it. I've contemplated some sort of mechanical assistance to overtop smaller such dams, such as block and tackle setups stuck into the dam, but have yet to work out anything that might suffice that is not too cumbersome to carry along. We have to be really sure of what we do as recovering from a misstep could be difficult if doable at all, and then what, out there away from nearby assistance? So sections of some interesting looking paddling remain inaccessible to us for now.

One such river nearby to me is the Ipswich, meandering some 30 miles from source to sea, with a number of public "canoe" access spots. It is well protected over much of its length by riverbank preservation and similar open space protection, a wonderful handy place for me to go paddling. Charlie has to drive 70 miles to get here to enjoy it with me. But an interesting new aspect of access exists for us. Only a couple of the dozen or so public access sites can be negotiated in a wheelchair, even for us who are able to handle a lot of rough ground to get to the water.

Steep bankings are the problem and when generous local contractors pitched in with labor and equipment to help local community river preservationist groups to upgrade these access locations they put in granite stairways and such. Nobody ever thought of handicapped access. This was not an intentional oversight, the canoeists putting in all the work never realized how ideal the kayak is for a disabled person to get onto the water in. Now that I have connected with these folks I'm planning to work with them this winter to plan to improve handicapped access at several sites for the coming season. We'll see how it goes.

## On the Cover...

It looks like it's a good thing that the sailing season is over if this sort of thing is happening out there on the race course! Well, actually there is no explanation for what you see, contributor Patricia Daly-Lipe (see "The Talisman…" in October issue) sent it along, found amongst her father's papers without comment. Great action shot though…

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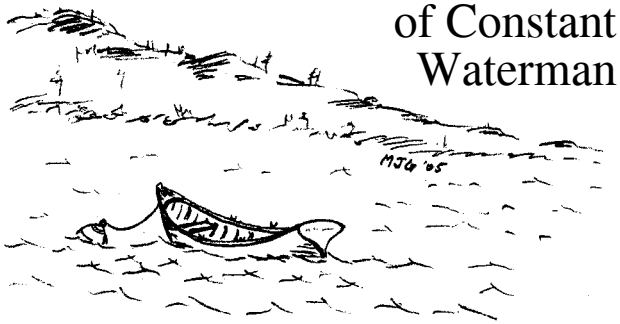
# From the Journals of Constant Waterman




By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

This morning spoke to the skipper of *White Dove* and exchanged salutations. He confirmed what my weather station predicted: light air only all of today and tomorrow. Just now my weathervane flops between south and north, with occasional forays into other departments. The tide licks gently at the fringe of waterline growth on *MoonWind*. I could haul my hook and still be here in an hour.

A heavy shower accosts us for fifteen minutes accompanied by a roaring half-knot gale. I'm reminded that my mast boot needs replacing. Following this, the Bristol weighs her anchor and motors away. Time I did the same. Underway with only my motor, my chart book on my lap. The passage between Patience and Prudence islands has 7' of water, about in the center, sort of; more or less, but no sign of markers. It rapidly shoals to waist deep water in numerous directions. As the tide has just begun to ebb, I choose not to venture through it.

I motor round Providence Point, the northern tip of Prudence, follow the east shore of Prudence south, and enter Potter Cove. This provides unexcelled shelter if I can tuck around the corner, excellent shelter for acres in its center, and adequate accommodation outside. The maximum depth inside is 7'. When I arrive, I find the cove filled with mooring buoys, most of them untenanted. There is no marina here. The remnant of a scarce traveled road terminates at an obviously private pier. From Potter Cove, north, the island is sanctuary. To the south, numerous summerhouses peek from the woods or hover by the shore. Being overly considerate, I anchor rather than utilize one of the thirty vacant moorings. After all, it's Sunday afternoon; residents may return at any time, but no one does.

Postponing supper, I paddle my kayak over to the spit of land encircling the harbor. I walk the beach on the outer side and search for unburied treasure. The shingle is various: brownstone lumps, black, non-lustrous, sedimentary slivers, granite pebbles, occasional quartz made opaque by iron oxide. The shingle is generously interspersed with thousands of common shells: slippers and mussels. Occasional bits of quahog and whelk and rock crab anoint the mixture. Random, dead horseshoe crabs and driftwood planks round out the assortment. Strands of blackened eelgrass ravel this trash together. I pocket a few odd pebbles and shards of sea glass. One is the small square bottom of a bottle, once clear, but presently sanded opaque by the sea. The trade name "Sardo," an exporter of olive oil, is embossed across its bottom.

By my beached kayak stands a grove of knee-high plants with sturdy stalks. They remind me of miniature trees. The leaves resemble those of the great red oak. The fruits resemble anything but acorns. They are green and hard and elliptical, nearly hen's egg in size, but unlike most of the eggs I've known, are covered in wicked spines like those of horse chestnuts. A hen would grow faint just contemplating any of these green eggs. One of the pods has dried and begun to split, revealing multitudinous small black seeds. These plants are Datura, or moon flowers. I leave them to propagate. Carrying one of these fruits in my bluejeans's pocket would not be a good idea.

Across Narragansett Bay to the east I descry the Mount Hope Bridge. It towers above small, intervening, Hog Island. This suspension bridge connects the town of Portsmouth, on Aquidnick, to the mainland town of Bristol, home of the Herreshoff boats. After dark, hundreds of lights outline the bridge. Civilization, or access to it, anyway, is but four miles away.

I kayak back toward *MoonWind* in the twilight; pause to admire a gracious sloop with a clipper bow; inhale the pungent aroma of low tide; embrace the cove with both arms; reach to wear the first star on my finger.

# You write to us about...

## Information of Interest...

### SAILOR Program Students to Build Skiffs at Independence Seaport Museum

The Workshop on the Water at Independence Seaport Museum prepares for another year of the SAILOR program, an education program based on a hands on approach to boat building. An acronym for Science and Arts Innovative Learning on the River, SAILOR will begin in the Museum's Workshop on the Water mid December, with 26 students from Philadelphia Charter High School of Architecture and Design (CHAD). Through building SAILOR Skiffs designed by Seaport Museum President and CEO John Brady, SAILOR students learn core STEAM (an acronym for Science, Technology, Engineering, Arts and Mathematics) concepts. As a result, the SAILOR program encompasses multiple subject areas and engages a wider range of student learning including visual, kinesthetic, auditory, verbal and mathematic by providing a non traditional classroom setting that allows students to participate in a boat's construction process.

SAILOR's interdisciplinary curriculum is designed to address specific educational objectives, competencies and key concepts by integrating hands on, project based learning within the Museum's Workshop on the Water with the content of the Museum's collection. Students will visit the Seaport Museum two days per week. On alternating days, half of the students learn physics concepts in the Museum exhibits while remaining students apply science and math concepts to boat building.

The SAILOR program includes two programmatic options, a fully integrated portion of a partnering school's traditional curriculum and an extracurricular partnership allowing students to come to the Workshop on the Water after school. Independence Seaport Museum's SAILOR program provides lesson plans to the high school instructors that highlight the math, science and history concepts that serve as the basis of the workshop activities each week. The extracurricular program parallels lessons taught through the fully integrated curricular partnership. Because participation in the extracurricular program is not a part of a student's routine school day, the curriculum is less formalized and focuses on team building, leadership and job skills.

The impact of the SAILOR program reaches far beyond the bounds of the Workshop on the Water as the student built boats are used for all on water programming at the Seaport Museum, effectively reaching 5,000 students annually. This program provides a unique learning experience that fully engages students in the creative design process, the physical construction of boats and theoretical engagement on the water. Also, high performing SAILOR students can apply for a summer internship in the Workshop on the Water.

The SAILOR program at Independence Seaport Museum was inspired by several organizations including Alexandria Seaport Foundation, Building to Teach, Center for Wooden Boats, Living Classrooms and Rocking the Boat.

This program is free to schools who wish to participate. Funding is provided by charitable organizations and gifts from individuals such as The Barra Foundation, H.F. "Gerry" Lenfest and W.W. Smith Charitable Trust. Independence Seaport Museum is interested in partnering with schools to secure funding from charitable organizations. Interested schools should contact Director of Education and Interpretation Mike Flynn at (215) 413-8649 or at mflynn@phillyseaport.org.

### Two New Apprentices at CBMM

Bill Bronaugh, of Charleston, West Virginia, and Brooke Ricketts of Centreville, Maryland, have recently joined the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland, as a shipwright apprentices.

Bronaugh begins his apprenticeship working on the historic restoration of the skipjack *Rosie Parks*. He joins CBMM after attending Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan, where he worked on a whaleboat for Mystic Seaport's *Charles W. Morgan*. He began his career in woodworking building kayaks and furniture, relying on what he learned from his father, who was a luthier. Bronaugh was first introduced to the Chesapeake Bay region while visiting from West Virginia a few years back, and looks forward to his first on the water experience along the Chesapeake aboard the *Rosie Parks,* after her restoration is complete.

Ricketts apprenticeship also begins with restoration work on the historic skipjack *Rosie Parks*. His experience includes working in the carpentry and corporate management fields. After his apprenticeship, he will be enrolled in a nine month boat building program at the Boat Building Academy in Lyme Regis, England. In his youth, Ricketts was introduced to CBMM through his family's membership and later learned about the professional shipwright apprentice program through a *WoodenBoat* magazine article. His family history includes a waterman who dredged oysters aboard a skipjack out of Oriole, Maryland. Ricketts connections to the Chesapeake Bay go back to sailing her waters as a young child aboard an Irwin 30 during family vacations.

CBMM's professional shipwright apprentice program provides on the job training in wooden boat building techniques through the restoration and maintenance of the largest collection of Chesapeake Bay watercraft in the world. Many apprentices continue their careers in the boat building or maritime industries, working in commercial shipbuilding or small boatyards around the Chesapeake Bay. Others have become shipwrights on large vessel construction projects or are working in the maritime museum industry. For more information, visit www.cbmm.org.

### WoodenBoat School 2013 Boat Design

It has come to my attention that I am going to be dead soon; consequently, I semi retired. What to do in retirement? The ideal would be to move in with the Tiki Hut guys, or get them to let me have the franchise rights to New England. Short of that, I want to design and build *Dreamboat*, a boat I can sail, row or power with a small outboard. I want a rig I can throw over side if things get hot, and I want to be able to weekend on it with a close friend. It has to be seaworthy enough to handle Penobscot Bay. To that end I have taken John Brooks' boat building course, Harry Bryan's hand tool course and capped it off this summer with John Brooks' boat design course. The plan was to take the full week to complete the final design for *Dreamboat*.

At the Sunday meeting after dinner, Mr Brooks polled us as to our expectations, wants, needs and desires. He had never taught this course but we had all been asked to read four books on boat design and to purchase basic design tools. He faced eight very different students ranging from a very serious college kid to a very serious pond yacht competitor. From a skill level standpoint I once again started at the bottom, learned the most and still finished last.

The goal was to produce a set of plans, including a concept drawing, line drawings from the side and top, sections, construction drawings and a set of offsets. Ambitious students also did wooden half models before the week ended.

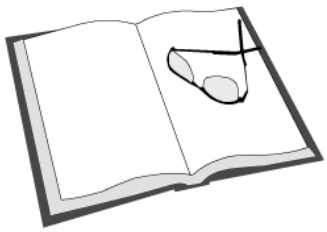
The real black magic was using lines plans to represent three dimensional hulls with fair curves. In addition, we had to estimate displacement so the boat would sit on its designed waterline. My design was stolen from a book in the *WoodenBoat* library based on the Grand Banks Dory. The hull was the right length, was seaworthy and would allow me to focus on rig and interior layout. I still screwed it up.

The day after school was over, I had to deliver six dozen doughnuts and six gallons of coffee to the Maine Retired Skippers Race in my capacity as board treasurer. I saw the sailing fleet with new eyes; boats were no longer simply holes in the water to pour money into, they were sets of lines and offsets and calculated displacements, centers of effort, centers of resistance, centers of blew Payneuoyancy and centers of gravity. This is an enriching experience.

So here I am, three months later, three months behind schedule. I have not ordered wood, I have not cleared my workspace and no strongback, stations or planking have been started. Instead, I am on my fourth iteration of the original Grand Banks dory plan. Mr. Brooks had us build paper half models, and I have done that with each iteration which showed the deficiencies of each design. This has also given me time to think through the many innovative but sometimes idiotic features that will make this boat truly one off.

So, if you are wondering how to fill your leisure hours post retirement, take Mr Brooks' course and you will never lack for something interesting to do. It will only cost you money if you actually buy the wood.

Lew Payne



# Book Review

## *The Outlaw Sea*

By William Langewiesche
North Point Press 2004
Division of Farrar, Straus and Giroux

Reviewed by John Nystrom

I, like most longtime readers, am missing Hugh Ware's monthly installment of "Beyond The Horizon," his compendium of nautical news from around the world. Hugh kept up with news of ships and sailors through many professional journals and distilled both the tragedy and the comedy, with an eye for detail, conflicting points of view and great observations. Never pedantic, Hugh could point out lessons to be taken away from brief descriptions.

*The Outlaw Sea* is a book that Hugh might well have read, though I have no knowledge that he had. The dust jacket blurb is actually clear and to the point in getting to the book's theme:

"Even if we live within sight of the sea, it is easy to forget that our world is an ocean world. The open ocean, that vast expanse of international waters, begins just a few miles out and spreads across three fourths of the globe. It is a place of storms and danger, both natural and manmade. At a time where every last patch of land is claimed by one government or another, it is also a place that remains radically free.

With typically understated lyricism, William Langewiesche explores this ocean world and the enterprises, licit and illicit, that flourish in the privacy afforded by its horizons. Forty-three thousand gargantuan ships ply that open ocean, carrying nearly all the raw materials and products on which our lives are built. Many are owned or managed by one ship companies so ghostly that they exist only on paper. They are the embodiment of modern global capitol and the most independent objects on earth, many of them without allegiances of any kind, changing identity and nationality at will. Here is free enterprise at its freest, opportunity taken to extremes. But its efficiencies are accompanied by global problems, shipwrecks and pollution, the hard lives and deaths of the crews and the growth of two perfectly adapted pathogens, a modern and sophisticated strain of piracy and its close cousin, the maritime form of the new stateless terrorism.

This is the outlaw sea, perennially defiant and untamable, that Langewiesche brings startlingly into view. The ocean is our world, he reminds us, and it is wild."

Discounting the editor's hyperventilation, the author is an engaging storyteller, skillful and observant with characters and settings, but not lost in the details and side trips that would derail most journalists. To those who are flight oriented the last name will ring a bell, as the author's father is Wolfgang Langewiesche (pronounced long-gah-vee-shuh) writer of the aviation classic *Stick and Rudder* and other volumes. The author is a former professional pilot and now international correspondent for *Vanity Fair* magazine (not exactly in *MAIB*'s class, too bad for them), with awards for his reporting from Iraq, and has written well regarded books on flying, the US Mexican border and the Sahara.

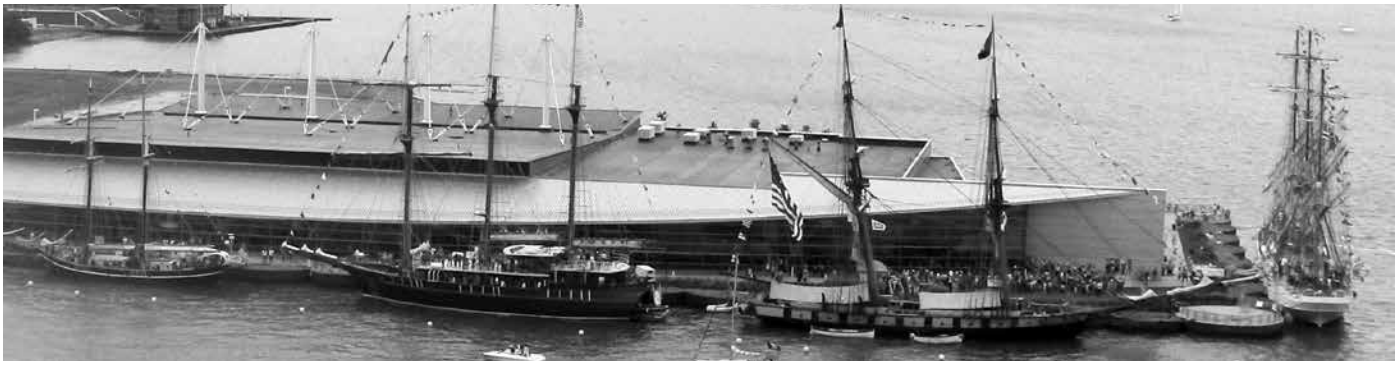
The author does as fine a job of detailing how and why national and international governing bodies' regulation of commerce at sea has become slowly unmanageable and how the mechanics of avoiding regulation and scrutiny have developed. The wonder isn't that we have the shipwrecks, pollution and loss of life that both Hugh covered and international media cover still, but why it doesn't happen more often; or rather, it happens, but the oceans are so large that it goes most often unnoticed.

After following the issues of piracy and general crime at sea in the national and international media, and with the release of the Hollywood project *Captain Phillips* just recently, we could get the impression that we understand the issue of modern piracy fairly well. Reading the chapters of *The Outlaw Sea* that cover piracy, you will be disabused of that notion.

As I write this in late October 2013, a major news outlet just broadcast that the focus of piracy has now moved from the Horn of Africa to West Africa. As this book makes clear modern piracy hasn't "moved," it never went anywhere because it is everywhere in the oceans. It may occur more often, or be reported more often, in the Indian Ocean off Somalia or the Straights of Malacca or the Gulf of Guinea, but it occurs any place ships are out of sight of land. Reading this work expanded my own understanding, and I have been following the issue for some time in intelligence and law enforcement sources, and considered myself much better informed than average. The issues of international terrorism and nautical interface are also briefly covered.

The final chapter covers ship breaking in Alang, India, a topic Hugh covered from time to time in "Beyond The Horizon." The author spent a great deal of time in Alang and India and it shows. Alang has become a focus for environmental activists and other writers have won Pulitzer Prizes for reporting on Alang but, to be frank, Langewiesche's writing on the subject is much more insightful and better balanced as to the view from India (or Pakistan and Bangladesh, the other current ship breaking competition for Alang, where conditions are, if anything, worse) without discounting environmental concerns. Again, the author left me feeling I understood the issues better than I did when I used other sources.

To sum up, this is a good read, accurate and fair with a wide range of seagoing subjects. I am going to add this to my list of recommended books for my criminal justice students as it relates to what they are studying. If you have any interest in the sea, especially offshore or international affairs or business, this is a must. If you are just looking for an interesting read, by all means, this is one. You won't get Hugh's sometimes slightly ironic take, but you also won't get distortion or cynicism. Recommended.



Lineup at the convention center, *Unicorn, Peacemaker*, *Niagara* and *Sorlandet-Kristiansand*, a full rigged ship.

# Erie Tall Ships

By Greg Grundtisch

This tall ships event took place on Sep tember 5-8. Naomi and I have been to several past tall ships events here in Erie Pennsylvania, and this one was a bit of a disappointment. The setup was different, in that we paid the $14 each to get in, only to wait 45 minutes to an hour and a quarter to board the ships. We boarded no ships. In fact, if I had been aware of the wait time I would have turned around.

In the past the event was free to get in and we bought "boarding passes" to board. Another new twist was that we were greeted at the gate by uniformed Erie police officers who were inspecting every purse and backpack, stroller compartment and diaper bag. They sent Naomi away because she had a water bottle.

After returning the bottle to the car, her purse was again inspected and she was questioned about her key chain and does it have a knife on it. The answer was negative and we were allowed in with a knife in my pocket. Our first impression was not good.

There were nine ships in all and they were spread out in three locations along Erie's very impressive and ever improving waterfront. Because of the distance of the three locations (about a half mile), shuttles were provided for those who needed or wanted a ride.

The north section is where the Erie Maritime Museum and public library are located. It is also where the brig *Niagara* is berthed for the winter. In this basin the *Pride of Baltimore*, *Lynx*, and the *St Lawrence II* were docked.

In the middle section, at the observation tower dock, were *Appadore IV* and the *Friends Good Will*. They were taking out paying customers for one-hour tours of the Bay. At the south end, at the convention center, were *Unicorn*, *Peacemaker*, *Niagara*, and the full rigged ship *Sorlandet-Kristiansand*, the ship that had an hour plus wait to just get to the top of the gangway.

We tried to get as close as possible to see what we could from the dock, but most were roped off and access to get close was difficult because of the lines of people. It was very impressive to see that many ships in one location and it would have been even better if we could have boarded the ships. We not only did not have the time to wait in line, we (I) have no patience for such things. I took what pictures I could and we departed. It looks like this might be our last visit to the Erie tall ships.

The good news is it was very well attended and likely a financial success for the city. The better news is a couple ships will be stopping in Buffalo the following weekend for the first Maritime festival held in Buffalo ever.

*Appledore IV* under sail.

The Erie Maritime Center and Library where *Pride of Baltimore*, *Lynx*, and the *St Lawrence II* were docked.

*Pride of Baltimore*, docked across from the *Lynx* and *St Lawrence*.

*Lynx* flying the American flag and *St Lawrence* flying the Canadian flag.

*Peacemaker*, the *Spirit of Buffalo* and the *Edward Cotter* entering the harbor.

# Buffalo Maritime Festival 2013

By Greg Grundtisch

Bateaus at dock for viewing.

Rowers from the BMC livery.

*Electra* approaching the dock.

*Lynx* passing the breakwater.

The first ever Buffalo Maritime Festival was held at Canalside on Buffalo's Inner Harbor, on September 13, 14 and 15. The event had vendors, music, food trucks, historic interpreters, along with three tall ships, the historic fireboat *Edward Cotter* and all sorts of on the water activities provided by the Buffalo Maritime Center.

It began on a Thursday when the tall ships were to arrive. The Maritime Center sent out a fleet of vessels to greet and escort the ships. There were other boats in the flotilla as well.

It included the square topsail schooner *Spirit of Buffalo*, the fireboat *Edward Cotter*, two of the Center's replica 1812 bateaus with swivel cannon mounted on their bows, a Mathews cruising yacht, the Center's *White Electra* (battery powered), an Alden sloop, the flagship of the Buffalo Maritime Center, *Scajaquada* and an 1880s era fishing shallop. There were also some kayaks and motorboats that joined in.

The ships' arrival was quite a sight as it gave one a glimpse into what things looked like in the past, as a ship would sail into port. It was an impressive sight to be sure. The escort vessels met the ships at the breakwater at the outer harbor. There was some maneuvering for position for photos and cannon fire.

As the *Scajaquada* was tacking to get better position for photos and return to harbor, the foremast cracked. At the helm was John Montague. John quickly got us pointed into the wind so the crew could quickly strike sail and prevent any further damage. We sailed in under main alone.

As the ships came in the *Edward Cotter* gave an impressive fountain like show of her "water monitors," cannon-like nozzles that shoot 15,000 gallons of water per minute. Then the cannon salutes began. Three ships and two bateau firing their cannons as they entered the inner harbor, circled and continued firing until the ships were docked. Exciting sights and sounds for the many spectators lining the docks.

The next day, Friday, and through the weekend the festival continued with touring of the tall ships and the regular festival fare, food and drink, vendors, photo and audio, displays of the historic waterfront and boat rides.

The Maritime Center had a prominent role in the festival. The Center provided a livery of rowboats, free to anyone who wanted to try a little harbor rowing. Many took advantage and the dock was very busy with boat arrivals and departures. Not knowing how to row a boat did not deter adults or kids, and to watch the first time attempts of some was fun.

With the *Scajaquada*'s mast problem leaving her out of action, the Maritime Center still had the *White Electra* available. The center provided free tours of the historic inner harbor to anyone who wanted one. This was also well taken advantage of by the festival goers, as there were waiting lines at times.

This was the first time Buffalo has had a Maritime Festival and it was very well attended, presented and enjoyed. Three days of waterfront fun for boaters and non boaters alike. Something really special is just beginning for this longtime underused waterfront resource. I hope the powers that be realize what they have. Three years ago there was nothing. Today it is good and can easily be great in the future.

The tall ships in attendance were *Peacemaker*, a Barquentine from Brunswick Georgia (for some reason they removed the counter stern and bulkheaded it, then added a fold down platform which makes the aft end look, wrong), *Lynx*, a Privateer schooner, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and *The Spirit of Buffalo*, berthed in Buffalo for the season and then wintered in the Caribbean.

Weekend skiffs and Buffalo River ferries built for the replica canals to be completed by next year.

The fleet entering the harbor, bateaus firing bow cannons.

# You Lose Some Only to Win Some

## From Wet, Fog-Bound Maine To Crisp Cowichan Bay, B.C.

By Reinhard Zollitsch

**Rain, Fog, Surf and Big Tides**

I was huddled in my tiny 2-person Eureka tent on a rock-pile-like island, off Cape Split, way downeast along the coast of Maine. It was raining in buckets, 5" that night alone. I was awash in my tent, riding my fully inflated Therma Rest air mattress like a surfboard. All my gear was in waterproof bags, and I had my aluminum survival blanket tightly wrapped around me in my sleeping bag. There was thunder and lightning, and the surf was pounding the bold shore and outlying ledges. I had put in my earplugs, in hopes to catch some sleep, but it just did not happen.

What was I doing here, I thought to myself? This was supposed to be a leisurely, late July, solo fun-paddle along Maine's most easterly shores and bays, a true "Downeaster". I had planned to start just east of the notorious Petit Manan Bar, a tad to the east of the touristy Mount Desert Island area, like in Milbridge, dip down that first bay, and eventually end up along Maine's true "Bold Coast" beyond Cutler to Lubec, on the Canadian border.

**Start of Trip**

That sounded great, after rounding the five big Penobscot Bay islands the two previous summers. I had tried to start this trip three days earlier with my car-shuttle driver Nancy (thank-you, thank-you!), but we thought better of it and turned around after 30 miles of driving. The weather (torrential rain and dense fog) was just too bad for a successful launch and first day on the water.

The next day, at least the rain had stopped, but we could cut the fog with a knife. That's OK by me, though; I like to be challenged in my old-fashioned dead reckoning navigation. So we drove the 70 miles to Milbridge, and I was out of sight in no time – so was Nancy, along with the entire shoreline. Since I had lost one day due to "inclement weather", as the weather report put it, I shortcut my course, cutting out going around Bois Bubert Island, and decided to go straight to Marsh Island in Pleasant Bay (Mash Island on the nautical chart). I had phoned ahead for permission to camp on this private island, associated with the Maine Island Trail. It turned out I was the first person to camp here this year on this delightful little island.

All worked out fine, and even the next day, down Pleasant Bay to Cape Split and up into the western corner of Moosabec Reach, and out to Stevens Island. The MITA campsite was to the right in a small cove. There also was a fine sheltered gravel beach for take-out, but it necessitated some portage of my gear and boat. But arriving at high tide would be much easier than at low tide, like right now. A seaweed-covered boulder field extended way out to sea. It looked like a very arduous portage to the last patch of gravelly beach, where I could finally load my boat and push off in the morning.

I was cold, wet, tired and could not find my usual energy boost to start the new day. I checked and rechecked the NOAA weather reports – no, it did not look good at all! What was I doing here? It kept raining, 12 hours by now. Time passed in utter wetness, and it became afternoon, and I was still huddled in my sleeping bag. So I finally roused myself, pulled myself together, mustered some resolve – yes, all three were necessary, to call Nancy and discuss my options. She had stayed for a couple of extra days in our Corea summer cottage with the family. I asked her point blank, whether she could pick me up at about 11am tomorrow morning at the public ramp in Jonesport. I should be able to make it there, come hell or high water.

I was done! My trip was over! I was bailing out! A first in all my many ocean canoe trips. The fun was suddenly gone out of this trip. I had done this stretch several times before, so I did not have to prove to myself that I could do it. I suddenly did not want to endure this nasty weather any more, nor the strong, extreme tides and long portages over the extensive inter-tidal zone. Three nights on the trail were already more than enough, in this miserable weather.

**Take-out and New Beginning**

And this is how this trip ended. At 11am sharp I arrived at the Jonesport ramp and met Nancy. I felt relieved, and so was she. Our trip home to Orono was a bit more subdued than usual. But that was to be expected. And yet I felt a bit empty, since this trip was to be my big summer solo ocean canoe trip. But maybe I'd get my cedar fence repaired instead, I thought nobly, and our summer cottage could use a new coat of paint.

A couple of days later, I received a brief e-mail from our son Mark: "Dad, want to sail? My sailing partner Dave pulled out his back and can't come. It's the big multi-hull race in Cowichan Bay off Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The race is this weekend."

"Beam me up, Mark," was my instant answer. "I'd love to fly an outrigger with you. 14 knots sounds fine. No, seriously, who is tending the jib sheets?" I had sailed and even raced with Mark on his 23' extremely fast trimaran *Osprey*, and was absolutely mesmerized by its raw speed.

Nancy had noticed the gleam in my eyes and was already planning and phoning. Let's see: I have less than 24 hours to get a flight and get ready, then get out to Bellingham in one long day, meet Mark at the airport hotel (he was flying in from Austin, Texas). We two would then need to register and insure the boat, buy provisions, and would sail off by early afternoon and sail the 38 miles to South Pender Island, British Columbia, the official entry point for sailboats in that part of Canada, a very long day, but doable, if we keep pushing.

Next day, 20 more miles to Cowichan Bay off Vancouver Island. We would then race the four races in the next two days and leave immediately after the last race for Roche Island, the official entry harbor back into the US. Next day we would sail back to Bellingham, put up the boat, celebrate with Dave, and bus/fly home early the following day. A tight package. Forget about making overnight reservations: we two can sleep on the nets between hull and outriggers. Don't forget to take a sleeping bag and survival blanket! (And oh yes, I would have one day in Maine to get ready for Nancy's and my trip to Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, Canada.)

Done! What a girl! All I had to do, was pack a few personal things, be there at the right place at the right time, and follow the plan – I do that very well indeed. Suddenly my aborted downeast Maine trip did not look so bad any more. I had great hopes for sailing in a multi-hull regatta with our son Mark, a total of seven days, off Vancouver Island and through the San Juan Islands. So I had to lose some first, only to win in the end. I was ready and eager to go.

**The Race is On – Just to Get to the Races**

It helped that I could fly right out of Bangor, Maine, just eight miles from home, and catch a morning flight via Detroit to Seattle, where I could catch a bus to Bellingham, Washington. Staying at the airport hotel also meant I did not have to get a taxi, and Mark could join me there later that night, coming in from Austin, Texas.

The morning was full of important chores, but buying supplies for the two of us was simple – lots of prepared sandwiches, a couple of hard German sausages and a six-pack of beer. The piece de resistance was a large box of plump, ripe cherries and an equally large box of ginger cookies – Mark's choice, which made for great snacks during the races.

Bellingham: Loading up, inflatable and all.

Dave drove us to the marina and wistfully waved us off, wishing his back would suddenly miraculously recover, and since it did not, wished us the best of luck in the races.

We were off. I was quickly re-learning all the many color-coded lines, the halyards, the sheets for jib, reacher and maxi, Cunningham, mast rotation, outhaul, leech tension, centerboard and tiller adjustment. According to my son Mark, old Dad had not lost it yet, and I felt good, sharp, and very eager to see how the two of us would do in the race, as well as sail-camping.

Mark and I had sailed together in our little 22' Venture swing-keeler along the coast of Maine when he was younger, and always hit it off right. He was a quick learner, and now he was the skipper and I was his crew. I absolutely loved the reversal of roles, especially since he knew the boat and even the race course many times better than I did.

Under jib and main we sailed into Bellingham Bay and out towards our new course, due west between Portage and Lummi Island. We anticipated more wind and put a reef in the main before we stuck our bow around that very pronounced, tall island. Minutes later we even rolled up the jib and howled along like a banshee in beam seas, skipping across from crest to crest at up to 18 knots. It was the most exhilarating sailing I had ever done. The speed was immense, the water was flying into our faces, but felt GOOD, WET AND FAST!

This was sailing at its best, folks! I had sailed fast on dinghies, even got up to 10.3 knots on the 60' yawl *Peter von Seestermühe* across the Atlantic from Antigua/Caribbean via the Azores to Hamburg, Germany just a couple of years ago. Mark and I traded the helm every 30 minutes. I could steer the boat with my fingertips, it was so responsive, and I was able to avoid the bigger crests, putting the hull and downwind ama gently into the next trough. (We always flew the windward ama.) I had a ball!

We sailed the 38 miles to the Poets' Cove on South Pender Island, British Columbia in a little over 3 hours, which meant we averaged about 12 knots. Not bad at all. We tied up at the official Canadian port entry dock around suppertime. Our papers were in order, and all went fine. We even were able to take a brief hot shower in the spa/marina. I feared for only one casualty: my brand new digital camera, which I had zipped into my little day bag and put/jammed tight in the centerboard well, off the floor. However, it got dislodged and floated happily in the well till we finally noticed it. Oh, no! Not another camera ruined, I thought to myself with lots of guilt feelings, since it was a special present from Nancy. But when I opened the bag, I found I had put the camera in a new double-zip-lock sandwich bag, and it was as dry as a piece of styrofoam, and still worked – phew! My notebook, though, was a soggy mess, and all notes had to be re-written.

Moored in Poets' Cove, South Pender Island, BC.

The marina was full of boats, about 50% sailboats and 50% cruising power boats, all with cozy looking stand-up cabins, some with wood smoke emanating out of their little stainless steel chimneys. Sorry, no such luck on our boat. I spread out my sleeping bag on the starboard trampoline netting between hull and ama/outrigger, while Mark settled down under folded mainsail on port. I vividly remember protesting against taking my aluminum survival blanket along, but Nancy insisted, and I was now so glad she did. It started to rain, and it rained all night, and some other nights too. And when it was not raining at night, the dew was so heavy that it surely felt as if it had been raining or at least misting.

Sleeping under the stars.

So, wrapped in my sleeping bag and survival blanket, I tried to catch some sleep, which came fitfully. We were tired, but had to check our situation frequently. But morning came eventually. We even managed to get some hot coffee and warm croissants at the marina, and the day started much better than first feared. The wind sprang up for main and jib, occasionally boosted by our 2hp Honda outboard motor. The scenery of the San Juan Islands was absolutely spectacular. It felt like sailing on Mahone Bay in Nova Scotia, Canada, or Penobscot Bay in Maine. There was a myriad of islands and ledges and lots of passages, with lots of big ferryboats steaming through at a good clip. And yes, then there was the main channel from the open Pacific Ocean into Vancouver Harbor proper. Numerous container ships were slowly pushing their way through the islands, like a herd of big African elephants.

We stayed nicely out of everybody's way, which was not difficult at the speed we were sailing. And after a gentle turn to starboard, we entered Cowichan Bay (often called "Cow Bay" for short), where the sailing regatta was to be held. Prestigious monohull class races were to be contested there this coming weekend (August 3/4), like the Melges 24, as well as an assortment of bigger yachts racing to a specific handicap formula, and of course the multihull class, which we were entering. This bay was chosen, I understood, because it sports a consistently strong sea breeze that blows up the bay, replacing the hot air rising over land in late summer.

We tied up to the inside of the outer breakwater and set up our "camp" on board *Osprey*, like last night. Mark introduced me to a lot of his sailing cronies who had come from as far away as Seattle and Vancouver. Yes, a regatta is also a social event, and crews from competitive boats were checking out everything and everybody. How would Mark do with his old Dad? Is he handicapping himself? Where is Dave? Who is this stranger, anyway? Mark assured them with a wink that his Dad should do all right.

**Off to the Races**

Son Mark had to row ashore for the skippers' meeting, where they were handed today's course and time sheets. "And while you are ashore, Mark, could you get us some coffee and a couple of croissants at the local bakery? Our stove refuses to start up." (We did not even have one, which you probably knew already.) Almost always, sailors enjoy a leisurely breakfast, because it takes the wind some time to spring up in the morning,. This way, sailing is fun and not a drifting agony.

We sailed out as soon as there was wind, practiced a few maneuvers, especially jibing the big maxi sail, a huge, overlapping cruising spinnaker/genoa of sorts, which necessitated me getting out on the narrow bowsprit and leading the clew, where the sheets are attached to the sail, around to the other side. I loved it, sitting there on that thin pole, balancing, grabbing the sheets and making sure they would cleanly move to the other side, without hanging up on the forestay or furled jib. On the upwind leg, I would tack the jib, and if necessary, tighten the Cunningham, rotate the mast and adjust the traveler.

At the start of the first race, Mark managed to claim the favored place next to the committee boat on the starboard end of the starting line. This would allow us to claim starboard right-of-way over all other boats

RZ: Ready for the next jibe.

to our left. I was surprised that nobody challenged us, but maybe they thought we were small fry with our self-designed, home-built, one-off 23' trimaran and did not bother. We did great, the boat ran well, but could have run even faster, had we had more wind. With our PHRF rating of 40, we came in third in our multi-hull class of eleven, a very respectable result.

A half-hour after the end of the first race, the second race started. This was a slightly shorter race to different turning points. At the start we were this time luffed/bullied out of position and unceremoniously pushed to the right of the committee boat and had to do an extra loop around it, while everybody else was flying off to the port shore. We came in 5th this time, but learned a lot.

Back at the dock, we inflated the dinghy, which we carried on the netting, got into some shore clothes and joined the crowd for a big beach cook-out on Cowichan Tribe lands. Thanks guys!

The margaritas unfortunately ran out too fast, but the steak, baked potatoes and huge salad, mixed and served out of a real sailing dinghy, were excellent. The live music was appropriately loud, booming across the bay, but nobody minded, since the whole community was involved in this race. My purple earplugs did their trick again back on board, allowing me to catch 40 winks to gather the energy for tomorrow's races.

Since the wind was slow in coming up, we started with a shorter race. We sailed hard, occasionally mixing with the front runners, only to be left behind when they hoisted their huge spinnakers. We came in 4th on corrected time. But then the wind sprang up, and both Mark and I got a gleam in our eye. This was more like it. Our *Osprey* loved the conditions and could have handled even more of the same stuff. The tide was running into the bay, so sailing out to the first mark, everybody was short-tacking along the right shore. But then Mark and I almost simultaneously noticed a new wind building way over on the other shore, and we went for it. At the 9-mile turning mark, we were the second boat, behind a Formula 40 catamaran (the same boat as in the preliminary America's Cup races), twice our length. We beamed from ear to ear and only lost one spot to another much bigger trimaran to the finish line. So we came in third in that race of eleven boats, and also on corrected time, a tremendous achievement for our little boat.

We soon found out that we also placed third in the multi-hull division in the entire regatta, and were delighted. But our elation was short; we could not stay for the awards ceremonies, but had to pack up immediately and push off towards Roche Harbor (on San Juan Island, near Friday Harbor), the official U.S. entry point for sailboats in this area. We had to make it before 8pm, when customs

would close. So we pushed hard, even asking for extra Honda power to get us there.

It was 8:01pm as Mark jumped on the dock, papers and cell phone in hand, but the officer had already left. Bummer! But when three more boats showed up, he relented and came back over from Friday Harbor and checked us in. We were both tired, but Mark mustered enough energy to walk up to the marina, and minutes later showed up with a clam dinner for me and steak for him. The night was again cold and damp, but who cared, we were back in the U.S., sleeping out on deck under a starry night, right under the Big Dipper, it seemed.

**The Home Stretch**

Coffee and fresh apple-cider doughnuts tasted great at the marina. We then pushed off for Bellingham, and I was amazed again, that Mark was doing the entire course from memory, as he had the 58 miles over to Cowichan Bay. I, on the other hand, enjoyed looking at the chart to see where I was and where we were going, basically east this time. I was surprised how strong the currents between the islands were, occasionally whipping up real tidal rips, which were quite challenging for our little Honda outboard. But then the wind came up again, and we had another howler across the more open bay from Orcas to Lummi Island.

Skipper Mark: Easy going at 10.5 knots.

We arrived in good time that afternoon, tied up, tidied up, stowed gear and sails, and were off the boat. Dave was there with his old beat-up van, and could hardly wait to hear how we did. WE DID FINE – THIRD OVER-ALL IN THE MULTI-HULL DIVISION! He beamed as he drove us to his house for the overnight. I then invited both Mark and Dave out to a nice seafood restaurant to celebrate. A local client, overhearing our enthused conversations, quietly ordered us a scrumptious dish of fried prawns served on a bed of greens. What a nice gesture! He was proud of what the local Bellingham boat had achieved. I located him at the corner table, went over and thanked him, which truly touched him, as it had us.

Next morning came very early, especially after two beers the evening before. But what the heck, we had good reason to celebrate.

I took the bus from Bellingham to the Seattle airport, from where I flew via New York/LaGuardia back to Bangor. At about midnight, Nancy was there to pick me up. I was tired all right, but could not stop telling her our story till 2am. The whole trip had been a spur-of-the-moment decision, but one which really worked out. It was a great success all around, both from a sailing as well as personal point of view. What a relief, what a triumph and victory for spontaneity!

**The Meaning of It All**

You did well, son, in designing, building and sailing your lovely, sprightly and oh-so-fast 23' trimaran *Osprey*. I am proud of you, for so many reasons. I really enjoyed sailing with you again. It was just like old times, only now you are at the helm, which is just fine with me. I hope you enjoyed the races as much as I did and do not feel the old man let you down.

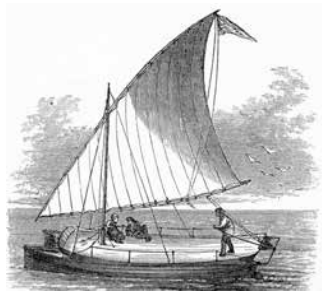
Who knows, we may sail and race together again some time. Till then, keep the open side of the boat up, and may you have at least 5' of water under your keel (for centerboard and rudder, that is). And just think, if I had not aborted my trip along the downeast coast of Maine, I would not have been able to come out to sail with you on beautiful Cowichan Bay and amongst the San Juan Islands for this most memorable father-son adventure. "Break", the German nautical equivalent of the American theatrical good luck wish: "Break a leg!")

Ahoy! With love, Dad/Grandpa, Reinhard.

RZ at the tiller.

Mark: Leaving Roche Harbor under Honda power.

PS: This story, I just noticed, has become another chapter to a previous article of mine entitled "My Turn at the Helm". In it I traced the generational changes from my grandfather Capt. Willi Zollitsch to me. And with this story I now hand over the helm to our oldest son Mark on his high-tech trimaran *Osprey*. I know your boat and your family with your three boys are in very good hands. Take care, be prudent and safe, but most of all ENJOY.



St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 11

# Moonlight Paddle on the Sissiboo

By Ernie Cassidy
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We seem to have accumulated a bunch of boating experiences during an increasingly busy September and October on and about the Bay. I will briefly discuss just one of them, as I'm hard against the deadline, again. Others will follow, albeit at still greater remove, temporally, from when they occurred.

I'll preface this one by saying that Kathy is still a bit wistful about the Boreal kayak that we sold this summer. Wistful to the point that she even wondered if we couldn't have paid for another berth at the marina and kept it in the water, too. Truth be told, she really liked that boat, once she was in it. Honestly though I've been a canoe guy rather than a kayak guy for 40 years, I liked it, too,once I was in it. The rest of the time, not so much.

The attraction of the Boreal, for Kathy, was that, once in it, we could move it along at a speed that seemed out of all proportion to the effort we put into the paddling. Not so surprising given the 17' waterline length and the fact that it had noticeably less wetted surface, when loaded, than our 17' Great Canadian canoe.

The attraction of a kayak, for me, would have been that I could easily lug it to any interesting body of water and go snooping around. I also had notions of keeping this one down at the seashore, across the road from our house, for instant deployment at the least provocation.

Alas, the Boreal was heavy. I forget the exact weight, but compared to the energy Kathy and I could muster to drag it around, or lift it onto the carry rack I built in the hope of hauling it to exotic locales with the Ranger pickup, it was heavy. Really heavy. So if the "least provocation" occurred when the famous, or infamous, depending on our plans and intentions, Bay of Fundy tide was out, we were effectively marooned ashore. That really killed my enthusiasm for the Boreal and left me wishing we'd bought two 12' kayaks that could be heaved up onto our shoulders and carried a quarter of a mile if we had to. In fact, I have a little 10' kayak, designed by our publisher years ago, for just that kind of instant deployment, anywhere. So we sold the Boreal.

However, the wistfulness persisted which is why, when the offer of a moonlight paddle on the Sissiboo River was presented to me at just the right time, I decided that it might be a swell surprise anniversary present for Kathy. I signed us up.

According to Wikipedia, "The Sissiboo River is located in Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada. The origins of the name "Sissiboo" are not known. The most credible is a derivation from the Mi'kmaq word for river, "Seboo." The river flows out of a chain of lakes near the border with Annapolis County, named respectively, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Lakes. The Sissiboo River follows a winding course, draining a large area and passing through the former lumbering communities of Weymouth Falls and Weymouth Mills.

The Sissiboo becomes tidal at Weymouth and its estuary is called Weymouth Harbor. Trunk Highway 1 crosses the river in Weymouth. An inactive Dominion Atlantic Railway bridge was demolished in 2012. Further downstream Highway 101 crosses near the fishing community of New Edinburgh. The river empties into St Mary's Bay. The river currently is obstructed by four dams, three of which are used to generate hydroelectricity; Weymouth Falls, Sissiboo Falls and Fourth Lake."

That tells you almost everything you might want to know about the river except how pretty and unspoiled much of it is. I would add that the river is tidal all the way from its mouth to just below that last hydro dam at Weymouth Falls, which is where this particular adventure began. At the Gates Lane Bridge, just below the dam, we can walk across the river at low tide. If we pick our route carefully, we can do it without getting our knees wet on the spring tides.

This makes a moonlight paddle on the Sissiboo a relatively rare event as we need a clear night, at least a three quarter moon or a motorboat with a large searchlight, which sort of kills the charm and ambience, and a rising tide at around 8-10pm depending on the month. Getting all those things to line up, particularly the clear night, is as much a matter of good luck as good planning.

This whole thing was the brainchild of my employer's son and coworker, Daniel Robichaud, who was, and occasionally still is, a guide for outfitters in the greater Halifax area and is a part time guide for Hinterland Adventures, in Weymouth, Nova Scotia. Check out their website if you're curious, http://kayakingnovascotia.info/ Lots of nice photos.

Daniel had guided one of these trips in August, and when he noticed that at least two of the required "right" conditions were lining up for the week of September 16, he scheduled another. As soon as he mentioned that to me, I called Hinterland to reserve a tandem kayak for Kathy and I. Hinterland Adventures provides everything, a boat (kayak or canoe), PFDs, paddles, help getting launched, a guide and a chase boat (human powered) and they finish off the night with a campfire, including hot dogs, marshmallows and hot or cold beverages. In short, all the fun with none of the planning, preparation or back straining work.

I had kept this a secret as long as I could, but once Kathy realized what we were up to she was thrilled. However, the real thrills started when we shoved off, with the last of the evening light in the sky and the nearly-full moon already up overhead. From this point on, it was a magical, fantastic, not to say phantasmagorical, two hours. First there was the transition from twilight to moonlight and the visual effect this had on the landscape. Even for someone who fancies himself something of a wordsmith, I lack the subtlety and wit to adequately describe this. Words like "amazing" or "beautiful" don't get it across. It being a somewhat cool fall night, with not a hint of a breeze, there was soon mist rising up off the bathtub warm river. That simply made the awesomely indescribable even more so.

Each boat was equipped with a glow-stick, the better for the guide and sweep boat to keep track of the five kayaks and one canoe making the trip. Those were the nearly the only artificial lights to be seen until we rounded the last bend above the village of Weymouth. If it had been safe and practical for them to be small oil lamps, it would have looked like a scene from some ancient Norse tale.

Once the last of the twilight faded, moonlight turned the shoreline into a scene of truly mystical beauty. Kathy and I spent much of the downriver leg of the trip hugging the shoreline, completely captivated by the shapes, textures and surprising richness of the scenery. Here again, words fail. There was much more detail than we would have expected, but much softened by the gentle light. And we could not really see the "line" between the steep shoreline and its reflected image in the water the way we would in full sunlight.

The best comparison I can make is to go dig up one of your old Yes albums and squint at the cover art in a dimly lit room. That will give you some idea of what it looked like. But really, it's like trying to explain an orgasm to someone who's never had one. You had to be there.

I'm not certain how the photos in black and white will convey the ambiance, they really don't capture the atmosphere of the actual experience. Photos hardly ever do, of course, but even less so in this case.

The trip back was a bit more purposeful as the air was getting a bit cooler and we were going back over the same landscape. I was developing a couple of sore spots from the unfamiliar repeating activity and the static sitting position, the curse of a seven decade old body. And by now the slight but steady drip from the paddle was beginning to infiltrate even through the spray skirt. This is not to suggest that it was unpleasant, only that the campfire was looking mighty attractive when we did get back to the Gates Lane Bridge.

As a surprise anniversary present, I have to say I seem to have hit it out of the park. Kathy has been raving about it to anyone who will listen ever since. Don't know how I'll ever top this one. I'll simply finish by saying, if you ever have a chance to do this, DO IT! It's one of those adventures Kathy and I will remember and treasure the rest of our lives, even if we get to do it again.

# *Auklet* Comes Home

By Bob Hicks


In early October Shemaya Laurel brought her four months solo cruise from Deep River, Connecticut, to Eastport, Maine, and return to a close, sailing up the Danvers River on our Massachusetts North Shore for haulout at Pope's Landing in Danversport, a scant three miles from our office/home. Late fall weather conditions for sailing across Massachusetts Bay and outside around Cape Cod (her electric outboard is not up to engine requirements for transiting the Canal) were likely to be too windy and stormy for a safe passage in her 24' Bolger Glass House Chebacco.

Instead she opted for a two hour over the road trip to inland Holyoke, Massachusetts, in the Connecticut River Valley where she lives when not onboard *Auklet*. *Auklet* rode home on her custom built trailer towed by the hefty big Diesel pickup of friends Melissa and Richard St John, while Shemaya and her friend/companion Suzanne Jean traveled in her specially set up travel van.

In our January 2013 issue Dave Zeiger wrote about Shemaya's unique solo sailing arrangements in "The Able Bodied Sea Person" after he and Anke spent several days aboard with Shemaya enroute across Massachusetts Bay homeward bound on her 2012 voyage (she sailed all the way home in 2012 earlier in the season).

In our recent September issue reader Bill Cheney reported on his chance encounter with Shemaya on that 2012 voyage when she sailed into his Maine coast anchorage in "An Extraordinary Voyager."

Now it was my turn to write something about this year's voyage with her right here for haulout ten minutes away, but after talking with her I opted instead to have her tell you all how it was in her own words, first in a brief overview prompted by my questions and then an October 12 exerpt from her blog describing the day.

**Overview**

By Shemaya Laurel

It was a long trip! It was made easier by having long stretches without needing to resupply, which allowed me the freedom to follow the weather and choose harbors based on whatever was working with the sailing. I did, however, do quite a bit of visiting on this trip also so there was a moderate amount of scheduling in order to make that work. Still, people were very kind about putting up with me calling them whenever I happened to get there a week early or two weeks late. Or, in some cases, without calling at all but showing up and anchoring in view of their windows.

The "almost motorless" aspect of the trips this year and last feel particularly significant. This year felt like more work and it probably was. People who sail a lot all commented on the limited amounts of wind this year. This wasn't true before rounding Cape Cod, where there was (as is usual) loads of wind in Nantucket Sound. But after arriving in Maine it was an ongoing theme, with occasional breaks of windier weather. It can feel like a tough job working all day and going about five miles! I would do it again, and I still am not inclined toward a significant motor, but 2012 for seven months actually felt easier than 2013 for four. Sure does keep it interesting!

The longest offshore stretch going around outer Cape Cod started at Stage Harbor in Chatham on Cape Cod and ended at Stage Island Harbor just south of Biddeford, Maine, three full days and the two nights in between. Sailing typically five miles offshore wasn't a rule, it just ended up being a comfortable distance, sometimes less, sometimes more. Farthest offshore was after passing well east of Provincetown, sailing north, at one point it would have been 30 miles back to Provincetown and 30 miles to Cape Ann. Instead of heading in to Cape Ann I kept on to Biddeford, Maine. I want to stress that the weather conditions and forecast were IDEAL for this, otherwise I would not have done it.

My friend Suzanne was at the launch in early June in Deep River, Connecticut, on the Connecticut River, the nearest ocean level access to my home upstream in Holyoke, Massachusetts. I stayed there for six days and Suzanne came back a couple of days after launch. About a week later, Suzanne met me in Old Lyme, Connecticut, for a couple of hours for supplies and anchor swivel repair. Then our next visit was in July in South Freeport, Maine, on Casco Bay. After South Freeport it was six weeks between visits, during which I did the big distance sailing, looked at Canada and sailed back to Belfast, Maine, where she met me again. After Belfast, the next place we saw each other was in Danversport, Massachusetts, three days before the big haulout and again, of course, when we brought the boat and me ashore there (see below).

A number of other people helped out along the way; my aunt and uncle and their friends, all in the vicinity of Tenants Harbor, Maine, folks around Belfast and people I met both in Gouldsboro Bay and near Milbridge, both in Maine So many wonderful vegetables! And a couple of significant runarounds related to telephone and internet equipment, both times this involved mailings and deliveries by very kind people with boats.

**From Sailing *Auklet***

(Shemaya's Blog)

**Haulout Day October 12**

It is Saturday, October 12, and I am in my house inland in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and *Auklet* is in the driveway. My psyche hasn't quite caught up with the physical realities (like there's no motion!) but it's nice to be home. There's a possible storm next weekend and the weather has been in the 40s at night. I'm happy to be taking the easier route this year, coming ashore before the serious fall weather. And the drive back here was lovely, with the fall colors really in gear in the higher elevations around Worcester, Massachusetts.

Pulling the boat out of the water went well and *Auklet* was high and dry by about 8am, after starting early to beat the falling tide. And we had a tremendous group! There's nothing more fun than a party at the dock.

Cleaning the hull this time was easier than last year, partly because of the work it had been possible to do the previous week in the Jones River in Glucester, and partly because of better equipment and lots of help. This time we had a long handled brush, a scraper for barnacles and a couple of other brushes as well as a pump up pressure sprayer, the kind sold for greenhouse and garden applications. That made the job easier, as did having so many folks helping. Thank you Suzanne, Melissa, Michele, Carolyn and Jane!

Many photos were taken and Bob and Jane Hicks from *Messing About in Boats* were there, Bob with his "journalist" hat on, so who knows what might come of that. Susanne Altenburger, from Phil Bolger and Friends, also came to see the boat out of the water, modification discussions continue! It was a wonderful time on all fronts.

After everything was in order, Melissa and Richard hauled the boat to Holyoke with their substantial pickup truck, and on the way they took it to a truck scale. In case anybody was wondering, the boat and the trailer together weigh about 4,700lbs with the boat somewhat more than half loaded since a lot of gear had been taken off already. One guess on the trailer weight is about 1,200lbs but it might be more. The next time that the boat is floating we'll get just the trailer weighed and know for sure. So that makes the boat, and a good bit but not all of the gear, somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,500lbs. That rather high figure would be both because I pack heavy and added quite a bit of hardware as well as batteries to the boat itself, and because the actual construction was done a bit heavy rather than light.

As I've said previously, the additional weight has been a benefit rather than a problem. The boat isn't quite as fast but it's more stable and more comfortable, well loaded. I noticed the difference in the marina after Suzanne took a good load of stuff home on Wednesday. The boat became noticeably more sensitive to both weight shifting and wakes. On the other hand, for those interested in light, quick response, one can go like heck in a lightly loaded Chebacco boat!

It's a good time for reflection, when I haul the boat out of the water. I'm looking forward to sitting with what, this time, has been, in the next while. And there were quite a few things that happened that have stayed in mind but that I didn't get a chance to write down. Hopefully that will be possible to catch up on now!

Very many thanks go to all the people who have helped to make these last months of sailing possible. It's a blog post all of its own, which is coming shortly, but in the meantime, my deeply grateful appreciation goes to every one of you. It's an enormous gift that I have been given, thank you so much.

(**Editor's Note:** Readers interested are invited to follow Shemaya's adventures on her blog: "Sailing AUKLET ~ Small sailboat cruising and related thoughts." It commenced last May so her whole summer adventure is there for a first person report. It can be googled simply as "Sailing *Auklet.*")


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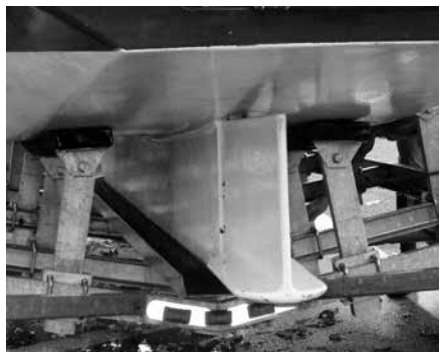


MS 2008 SL

# Adventures of the *Yawl's Crazy*

By Wendy Hooten
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Name Change from Magic Dragon to ...


... to Yawl's Crazy

Where do I start? Well, at the begin ning, I guess. Having grown up in north central Arkansas, we are proficient woodsmen, hunters, campers, river rats and trail riders, but NOT sailors. Now we do live close to the beautiful Greers Ferry Lake and have owned and operated several different types of boats, all with motors, but we have never even had friends who had a sailboat.

There are, however, several sailboats docked at the lake and they are beautiful to watch, especially all dressed up on the 4th of July for the annual fireworks display. My husband, Capt D, is an avid reader and has learned to do many strange and difficult things by just reading about them.

So when a bazillion sailing articles, books, magazines, etc, began to show up around the house, followed by looking at for sale ads, I became just a wee bit fearful. I decided to find someone at the local yacht club who would be willing to take him sailing for his birthday, thinking it would either end the fantasy or at least give him some hands-on experience before we set sail with just a book!

Enter Capt George, a very likeable and knowledgeable fellow who was more than willing to share his passion for sailing. He was also pleased that I was willing to go with them. I must include that I have been seasick on our party barge and while snorkeling, so I was really just along for the ride, but Capt George thought I should learn, too.

I was really hoping I would never have to watch another telltale again, but after much internet and dock surfing we made a trip to Oklahoma and purchased a large pale green Shearwater 28' that definitely resembled its name, *Magic Dragon*. It had a cabin sufficient for camping, was trailerable and could supposedly be operated by one 80-year-old crippled up man, so my job could just be "bow babe."

**Maiden Voyage**

After drawing plenty of quizzical looks coming through our small town, then down our two mile dirt road and through the front gates of Grace Mountain Ranch where our children met us in the field with concerned looks, the first comments were, "y'alls crazy!"

Several weeks went by and we hadn't had a chance to get her in the lake yet, but when my son-in-law's family came to visit from California it was decided we'd all take her out. It was a cold, windy but sunshiny day in late September when seven adults and my grandbaby headed for the lake with *Puff the Magic Dragon* in tow.

Trying to remember all the details of the rigging from four weeks ago was a little difficult, but we finally managed to get the sails up. The cabin was nice for the grandbaby to be able to walk around in and we enjoyed the thermos of coffee and the visit. We only had a 3hp motor on the back for assistance, but when the winds became quite contrary we dropped the main and used it to return to the dock.

However, the dock was on the lee shore and the waves were now white capping with 3'- 4' swells and the motor was not enough to maneuver the boat to the dock. We couldn't even get close enough for them to jump to the dock. After an eternity of back and forth, up and down and smashing the bottom when the waves left us literally high and dry, we finally managed to get enough ropes on the dock to pull her in and back onto the trailer with only minor damage to the rudder, the prop, and the trailer.

Back at the ranch, warm and dry, the conversation once again began with "y'alls crazy," and this from the Californians! From what I understand, the rigging is a yawl system, thus the name change and spelling of *Yawl's Crazy*.

**A Week's Cruise**

We made the necessary repairs over the winter and rented a slip at the marina the following spring. Capt George joined us on a day sail and, though not familiar with sailing a yawl (he had a sloop), his experience and expertise still offered some good tips and much encouragement. We decided to close our business the week of the 4th of July last year and spend it sailing around Greers Ferry Lake.

Now July in Arkansas is not normally the best time for sailing with temps in triple digits, winds variable to nonexistent and humidity well in the 90% range, but it was the only chance for a week of practice and adventure. Besides, the local businesses always put on a huge fireworks display complete with choreographed music and patriotic speeches which we had attended by boat since the first year, we could always just swim to cool off and we did have that little motor if the wind quit.

Now we were still having trouble raising and lowering the mainsail smoothly, my job as "bow babe" had graduated to helmsman during this process, and my ability to keep it pointed into the wind was severely handicapped. So we were always looking for ways to improve the process. The first thing I did was place a telltale on the cockpit riser thingy so I didn't have to constantly look up, but D was always between me and it when I needed it most and I kept reminding him about that old gent who did this all alone and that he should do some more research on how to accomplish that.

Excited about our week-long adventure and practice for the Texas 200 (ha-ha), we headed for the marina. Now, we had docked the boat an hour's drive across the lake where D pastored a small church so we could take her out on Sunday afternoons. Just as we crossed the bridge, a short distance from the marina, D remembered that he had forgotten to bring the front keel board that he had pulled out for repair after the last excursion. This board, when working properly, was supposed to help keep the boat headed into the wind while raising/lowering the main and I had so been looking forward to its return.

We had planned to launch after service that evening so returning for the board would mean waiting until the next day. D having convinced me the board wasn't really necessary and the boat wouldn't sink because other owners of the same style boat had removed it anyway to gain speed, we sailed off into the sunset.

We did have some nice breeze for a short time but it completely died before we made our desired cove. The motor, while small, had never failed to start, until now. I have learned to make coffee on the swingy stove without getting too seasick, so we just enjoyed each puff of breeze, under the stars, sipping coffee, while inching our way along, finally dropping anchor just short of the cove. The next morning we called our kids and requested they stop by WalMart and bring us a trolling motor when they came out on the ski boat later that afternoon.

With no motor for backup we were true sailors now! We had some good wind but still had to make it under the bridge. The spring rains had brought some severe flooding and the lake levels were still very high. Originally thinking we could drop the mast and motor under the bridge, we now needed to know the clearance level. After a quick call to Capt George and some calculations it was thought we could clear with 12"-18" to spare. Somewhat concerned and excited, Capt George decided to set sail and join us, but he was on the other side of the lake and we were already in sight of the bridge.

The winds became unsteady in the narrow channel under the bridge and with no motor all we could do was tack back and forth and pray one of the large motor boats didn't wave us into one of the concrete pylons. As we approached the bridge, a small fish 'n ski with four teenage boys became intrigued with our attempt, taking bets amongst themselves as to whether we would clear or not. Not realizing we didn't have much control, they began to give us hand signals trying to guide us to the highest part of the bridge.

Still wincing with every wave that lifted us higher, praying one would not happen at the wrong second, all six of us holding our breath, we slid under the bridge with maybe 6" to spare! Out in the open water we had some good winds again and enjoyed sailing around with Capt George joining us just after lunch. Our kiddos came thru with the trolling motor, the weather was cooperating and things were looking up.

Later that evening we found a sandy place to beach the boat, cook supper and spend the night. I had been noticing the water in the floor of the cockpit but hadn't realized it was also in the floor of the cabin. Upon further inspection, it was also under the seats of the cabin and all the bedding and clothes were now wet. We looked like Gilligan's Island with the boom and bushes on the bank covered with various wet items hung up to dry.

With a hand bilge pump we managed to get all the water out of the boat but still didn't know how it got there (I had my suspicions). Setting sail the next morning, I was keeping an eye out for intruding water. Once the waves got rough, sure enough, there it was. I knew that front board was important! We headed for the closest marina in hopes of finding some silicone or epoxy or something.

Well, that alone wouldn't do it. No sealant was going to stop the splashing through the hole of that missing board. I had cut some pool noodles to cover the sharp edges of the cockpit riser thingy (which D had scoffed at) and that seemed to be the only thing on board that might fill the gap. Thankfully, they worked and we would not have to cut our trip short, we just had to be more careful not to stand up in the wrong place.

We sailed on to the upper end of the lake which we had not visited before due to the distance, and planned to spend the night there before heading back to the other end of the lake for the fireworks the next evening. After locating a spot to beach and cook supper, we began the process of lowering the sail.

As usual, the wind picked up at the very mention of dropping sail, but also we hadn't realized we must have been in the direct path of the starting line of a bass tournament! Due to all the previous troubles, lack of communication, difference in terms of command, etc, Capt D decided to tie the rudder off, and I'm not supposed to touch anything.

Well, sitting there watching him flop around at the end of that sail, being literally bounced off every wall in the cabin and rising up and down through the hatch, I considered disobeying orders and untying the tiller or starting the motor, but what if I did the wrong thing?

The thought came to me of that old movie when the guy says, "just shoot in amongst us, somebody's got to have some relief," when the sail finally dropped him to the floor facing me and, just as he began to rise again, he looked at me in desperation and said, "Do something, even if it's wrong!"

Since we don't communicate on the same wave length, I have learned to just do what I think and adjust for the reaction, and he has learned to be thankful for any feeble attempt. We still don't have the front keel board working, but we now have a 9.9 Tohatsu that will control the boat. The Maine cruise coming up in July sounded wonderful, but something was muttered about the driving distance being a concern.

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# Memories of *Alcina*

The *Alcina* was a 25-year-old wooden Manson built ruggedly in Salisbury, Massachusetts, to handle a gale. Her five-ton displacement, 50hp gas engine and 30' LOA gave her a slow but steady motion underway. The *Alcina*'s workboat proportions and traditional sheer set her apart from the Owens and Chris Crafts that shared her anchorage at Dion's boatyard in Kittery, Maine. Dad was a romantic and looks mattered more than practicalities. I was seven and the distance between us closed through our shared nautical love affair.

On one glorious trip back from the Isles of Shoals we came upon Ned Mackintosh's 40' ketch. She was all business with simple lines and no brightwork to be found. Dad wondered whether I would like to sail back to port with them? My broad grin told it all, so somehow they passed me over safely despite the big swells.

The first thing I smelled was bread baking below in a coal oven. This boat was a home! As the *Alcina* lumbered and rolled ahead, the sounds of pistons and push rods were replaced with a chuckling bow wave and creaking rigging. Ned and his brother Bud were local legends and I was aboard a real sailor's sailboat.

Ned let me take the giant tiller for a spell so I could feel the wind and the sea. After passing K2R and Whaleback Lighthouse we rounded the bend and glided to Elmer Dion's dock. I ran back to the *Alcina* with the rush of a memory that would last a lifetime.

Fifty years later I can still see *Alcina* clearly. A full beam settee covered in a faded and cracked green vinyl cushion was built into the stern. I have a yellowed picture of my sister asleep on it after a long day in the sun, her blond locks obscuring her face.

A roomy cockpit led forward to the old steering station. Its softly lit compass and massive wheel were surrounded with an incomprehensible blur of toggles, levers, gauges, warning labels and primitive electronics. I couldn't reach the spoked wheel from the seat so I learned to steer with my feet.

A navigation station and companionway in freshly varnished Honduras mahogany were to port. Folding blue captain's chairs with white steering wheels stenciled on the backs were wedged against the hull. At anchor they transformed the cockpit into a raucous cocktail lounge for the grownups.

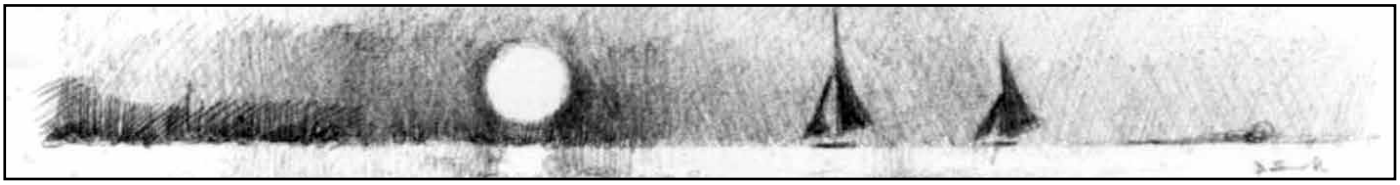
Passing steeply down the companionway, the smell of mold, rope, gasoline, effluent, varnish, red lead and kerosene mingled with the aromas of fresh provisions. A crude galley to port held a primus stove, an ice box and an array of dovetailed drawers, shelves and hanging nets.

Mom methodically stuffed each nook and cranny with Ritz crackers, cheddar, smoked oysters, hamburger, potato salad, white bread, broccoli, red onions, corn flakes, butter, eggs, coffee, bacon, orange juice, milk, tomato juice, English muffins, gin, vodka, tonic water, limes, Angostura bitters, horseradish, old towels, bent pans and second-hand cutlery.

In the U-shaped dinette were blue cushions with white piping, a Navy barometer and chronograph and two gimbaled brass kerosene lamps. The head was positioned forward and to port. It sucked and spewed with the aid of a long white steel rod topped with a black knob and several contradictory levers. Behind it, water trickled from the small foot pump into a teacup sink. A red checkered shade warmed the light from its dedicated port.

To starboard was a hanging locker filled with salty boots and stiff foul weather gear. Both the head and locker were nestled against a massive bulkhead separating the V berth from the main salon. The richly detailed V berth had its own hatch, storage lockers, two chromed reading lamps, a musty quilt, deflated feather pillows and scratchy army blankets to hide in. When I lay on my back, everything curved around me in all directions. It was a private, mobile sculptural world perfectly sized for a kid.

After Dad's heart attack she had to be sold.



# Working Buoys

By Capt Dan

In June of 1970 I was in the Coast Guard and transferred from the Cutter *Mahoning WTM-91* out of Governor's Island New York to the Cutter *Salvia WLB-400,* a 180' seagoing buoy tender home ported in Mobile, Alabama.

As most boaters know, there are several types and sizes of buoys and all buoys float and are anchored to the bottom, usually with chain and a concrete weight called a sinker. Almost all buoys used to be constructed of steel but nowadays some smaller buoys are made from plastic.

Buoy positions are plotted on nautical charts and provide a visual reference to a vessel's pilot so that the vessel may safely travel and avoid hazards or areas of shallow water. Buoys also are used to mark hazards such as sunken vessels that may not appear on the surface but would pose a hazard to deep draft vessels. Now to the different types of buoys.

Nun buoys have a cone shaped tops and are usually painted red and are located on the starboard (right) side of a channel when returning from sea or west bound or south bound on the ICW.

Can buoys are shaped like cans and are usually painted green or black and are on the port (left) side of a channel when returning from sea or west bound or south bound in the ICW.

Spar buoys are not common but are long slim spar shaped buoys sometimes used to mark hazards or mid channel.

Lighted buoys come in several sizes with those that have an 8' cage on top being the most commonly used type to mark entrance channels to harbors. The lantern is mounted on top of the cage and below the cage is a round welded steel "hull" area that gives the buoy its flotation. Centered below this area is a pipe tube that contains a counterweight to keep the buoy upright. The hull area contains two watertight steel compartments called pockets that have watertight covers on top.

This area is where the batteries are placed that power the lantern. Older buoys had numerous swivel bolts that held the pocket covers on. Newer types have a stainless steel ring with only one nut that holds the ring over the pocket cover and are much faster to service. Vent pipes are welded in place to vent battery gasses from the pockets and go up inside the cage near the top where they have ball floats to prevent water from entering the pockets should the buoy be submerged which often happens if the buoy is run down by a barge or ship.

There are large lifting eyes around the top of the base of the hull that enable a tender to lift the buoy on deck. There are eyes below the waterline that permit a chain bridle to be attached with pin shackles. The mooring chain is attached to this bridle. The lantern mounted on top of the cage has a Fresnel lens that focuses the light from a very low wattage bulb so that it may be seen for several miles.

Fresnel was a French physicist whose investigations of the interference, diffraction and polarization of light helped establish the theory that light moves in a wavelike motion. Fresnel also made great contributions to the field of optics, including the development of a compound lens for use in lighthouses. The reason a low wattage bulb is used is to maximize the life of the battery. Located inside the lantern are three important components.

The lamp changer contains four or five bulbs depending on the brand and will electronically sense when a bulb burns out and rotate to the next bulb. Below the lamp changer is a flasher. The flasher gives the buoy its charted flash characteristics such as Morse Alpha (dot dash) common for sea buoys, four second flash, three second flash, quick flashing, etc.

Lanterns may be clear (white), red or green and this gives the aid its color. Finally there is a daylight control (photocell) that turns the lamp off during daylight hours to conserve battery power. In the early 1970s there were a lot of buoy lanterns made from cast brass that had glass lenses. These were gradually replaced with plastic lanterns.

Most of the brass lanterns went to the brass (i.e., higher ups) when we replaced them with plastic. The batteries we used in the early 1970s came in two sizes designated as "BY" and "SJ." I don't know what the designations stood for but when BM1 Riggsby (Riggs) initially took me around the ship I used the word association "Big Yall" for the BY and "Small Joker" for the smaller batteries.

Most buoys we worked required BY batteries. These were made from 12 battery cells that were contained in a plywood structure that had a 1/2" steel rod running from top to bottom. On top of the steel rod was a lifting eye. BY batteries weighed 1,200lbs and were roughly 20" square and 5' tall. When new, these batteries produced about 13.5 volts. Some buoys had only one battery installed whereas others that used more power due to the flash characteristics required two batteries. Modern lanterns today are equipped with LEDs powered by smaller batteries that are charged with solar panels.

It was easy for us to tell by the external wiring without removing the pocket covers which pocket or pockets contained batteries. When buoys are worked by a tender records are kept as to when the buoy should need servicing and when to do an annual inspection. Each year the mooring chain must be hauled up to inspect the area that rubs the bottom (called the chafe) to look for wear. This is called an annual.

If the chain is worn more than halfway then that section is cut out and a new section is put in. The lantern is inspected and if the buoy is a bell buoy all bulbs are changed regardless of condition due to the vibration. Barnacles, slime and other marine growth along with seagull manure are scraped off and a new coat of fast drying synthetic vinyl paint is splashed on and, if need be, the numbers are replaced using precut Scotchlite® reflective material.

I made it a point to learn every job on the buoy deck, including running the boom.

Now to working buoys. When we went to an area to work we often would first launch SAL 2 which was a 24' Motor Cargo boat powered by a 3S3 Detroit Diesel. The boat crew consisted of a boat coxswain (driver), a boat engineer and a seaman. The purpose of this was to do maintenance on the lantern and gather data.

The coxswain would run the boat up to the buoy and then the seaman would jump onto the buoy. Hence he became known as a "jumper." The jumper would then climb the 8' tower carrying a tool bag and a supply of lamp bulbs and open the lantern. The old brass lanterns had several bolts that required a wrench to open, whereas the new plastic lanterns have snap rings and just snap open.

On opening the lantern, the jumper would check the battery voltage with a Simpson meter and call out the voltage to the engineer in the boat. The engineer was tasked with maintaining records. If the voltage was below 13volts, the coxswain would call the ship on the radio and report.

The ship would then put the buoy on the list to be picked up and recharged which meant battery replacement. If the voltage was above 13volts then any bad bulbs were replaced and the lamp changer was sprayed with a lubricant prior to buttoning up the lantern. All of this may seem simple and straightforward but remember now we were not on a millpond. Often it was dark, raining, freezing cold with rough seas.

Also, by the end of the day (or night) the jumper may be almost completely white with manure, as seagulls had spent a lot of time resting on each buoy before our arrival. When the ship picked up a buoy, the OD would con the ship up alongside the buoy. That is, he would give orders to the quartermaster who was steering the ship while the OD operated the pilothouse controls placing main motor ahead, astern or stopped.

We almost always worked from the port side of the ship since the *Solvic*, like all 180' seagoing buoy tenders, was a single screw diesel-electric ship. Normally a single screw ship or boat will back to port, that is, when backing down the screw will make the stern walk towards the port side.

Since we were working forward of amidships, this would normally cause the bow to swing away from the buoy when backing down, otherwise the ship would run the risk of keelhauling the buoy. Newer modern buoy tenders have bow and stern thrusters combined with GPS input which can keep the ship on an almost exact station while the buoy is worked.

The way we worked buoys was this; we approached the buoy slowly with the boom over to the port side and as we came alongside, one man would stick the reeving line through the pad eye that had been selected to lift the buoy. The Boatswains Mate running the deck would select which pad eye to lift by to put the battery on the bottom if the buoy only had one battery. This was determined by looking at the external wiring conduit from the pocket up to the lantern). The reeving line was a 1/4" diameter manila line about 15' long. One end had a brass snap hook spliced into it. The other end was spliced to a length of coat hanger wire. The coat hanger wire was made into a loop about 6" long.

A 10' wooden pole about 2" in diameter had two saw kerfs made in the shape of an X with a hacksaw about 3/16" deep which held the coat hanger wire on the end of the pole. The line was taped in two places along the length of the wood pole with 2" masking tape so that when one man stuck the wire loop through the lifting eye another man with a boat hook grabbed the wire loop and pulled at the same time the man with the pole pulled back pulling the coat hanger wire out of the end of the pole and breaking the masking tape.

It took some experience to do this taping to avoid it coming off too soon or being too tough and bending the loop out of the wire. Also, during wet rainy weather we had to work fast to get the wire taped (and we didn't have that modern blue tape). The man with the boat hook now would pull the manila line

which was attached to the hook on the boom with the snap hook.

The deck supervisor would then give the boom operator signals to let out cable until the hook was in the lifting eye, then the signal would be given to pick up the buoy. The boom operator would lift the buoy and as soon as possible another man would run out with a 3" diameter line with a hook on it called a cross deck line. This line was reeved (passed) through a deck block so that it was led across the center of the buoy deck.

This line would be hooked in the lower lifting eye on the buoy and was led up to the anchor windlass on the forecastle deck. This line would pull the buoy across the deck as the boom lifted and boomed across. All was not secure until a line similar to the cross deck line was hooked in the mooring chain. Then the mooring chain was pulled into the chain stopper.

The chain stopper welded to the deck contained a large V shaped steel trippable device that held the mooring chain. Until the buoy chain was in the stopper, it could be very dangerous on deck for if the ship were to maneuver the chain could wipe out anything and anyone in its path as it was connected to a large concrete sinker on the bottom.

Once the chain was in the stopper normally the buoy sinker would hold the ship there until work was completed, that is, unless the weather was rough or the OD was inexperienced. If the buoy was on station, we tried not to pick the sinker up off the bottom as it required precise piloting to put it back on station. Sometimes when hauling chain for an annual inspection we would pull the sinker and this would require putting the aid back on station.

Once on deck a head block made from a creosoted railroad cross tie was placed under the buoy to tilt it up and then it was secured on deck. While part of the crew opened the pocket cover or covers to remove the old batteries, others were scraping barnacles below the waterline. New batteries were installed, the lantern was serviced and fast drying vinyl paint was applied before putting the buoy back overboard.

If the maintenance records indicated that it was time for an annual, then we would yell up to the bridge to get permission to haul chain. The OD would then yell back, "Haul chain." We did this to have the OD on notice that we might pull the sinker off the bottom and thus the ship would be adrift.

As each lift of chain was hauled, we pulled it so that it would drop back into the chain stopper and hold the ship. Once the chafe came aboard it was always clean and free of barnacles as it rubbed on the sand of the bottom. If the chafe was more than half worn, we would take an oxygen acetylene torch and cut out that section and replace it with new chain using pin shackles of the appropriate size. I learned to be an expert with a cutting torch.

Then the buoy was put back overboard and the chain stopper tripped with a sledgehammer to send the chain back to the bottom. We repeated this process over and over like a well trained pit crew. Once we worked 36 hours straight without a break, then steamed for a few hours to the Chandelier Islands off the Louisiana coast. Everyone was just dog tired and in the rack when the boatswains mate of the watch woke me at 2am and told me that the Old Man wanted to see me on the bridge.

I dressed and reported to the bridge. The Old Man said "Boats, we are coming up on Chandelier Island, the light is extinguished. We can wake everyone up and put the buoy on deck unless you think you could jump it from the ship." I looked outside and said, "Sir, it is fairly calm, I think that I can jump it and the deck force needs to get some rest."

The Old Man replied "Very well." I went below, got my hard hat and working life jacket and went out to the forecastle and picked up the tool bag after making sure that it was stocked with the supplies that I might need, a daylight control (photo cell), lamp changer, flasher and extra bulbs. Lt. jg Gary Byrd, our operations officer, had the con and he expertly stopped the ship inches from the buoy and I jumped. I climbed the cage as the Cutter *Solvia* backed away.

I have always wished that I had a picture of her that night with all the lights burning. The AtoN (aids to navigation lights red white red indicating restricted in ability to maneuver) lights up the mast, the navigation lights and the huge searchlights trained on me. Even with all that light, I could not see and pulled a flashlight out of the tool bag.

Holding the flashlight under one armpit, using an adjustable wrench I opened the lantern and after checking the battery voltage, discovered that all the lamps were extinguished. I replaced the lamps, buttoned up the lantern and signaled for the ship to pick me up. The thought of being keel hauled flashed thought my mind as the ship maneuvered to pick me up. Stories abounded of jumpers being keelhauled. The only hope one had was to dive inside the steel cage and hold on and trust that it would be over quickly.

The thought of being dragged 14' underwater on a cold night was not pleasant. However, my fear was soon forgotten as Mr. Byrd once again expertly maneuvered alongside the buoy and I jumped to the buoy deck and went below to get a few more hours sleep.

In 1970, the *Solvic* was still recovering from Hurricane Camille, which had decimated the aids to navigation in her operating area, when we received new orders. NOAA, the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, developed large weather buoys and had plans for some to be located in the extreme southern Gulf of Mexico.

These buoys were welded aluminum hulled buoys about 20' long and about 15' wide and weighed just over 8,000 pounds. They had pointed bows and swinging arms that connected the mooring lines. Painted international yellow or orange and white with a radio and light tower one could be seen for several miles. When lashed to the buoy deck with steamboat jacks these bad boys took up most of the deck from port to starboard since their length was almost as long as our beam. The story was that the Navy had agreed to put these out but had no ships that could handle them.

The first set of buoys were nuclear powered (that's right, NUKES) and we were told that the buoys would send barometric pressure, water temperature, wind speed and direction back to New Orleans every four hours. During a storm as the barometer dropped, however, they would report more often and during a hurricane they would report every 30 minutes. Since the 180' seagoing buoy tenders had cargo booms that could lift 60,000lbs with the main hoist it was no problem for the Coast Guard to handle them.

It took us about a week to steam to the area to put out the buoy and a couple of days to put the mooring out and a week to steam home. The problems came from working out ways to handle the miles and miles of mooring as these were moored in waters that were in some instances over 12,000' deep.

The buoy had to be launched over the side and towed with one of the ship's boats to make room for the deck force to operate. Train wheels were welded together with stub axles sticking out. The axles were bored to accept large shackles. A stainless steel cable containing a loop was shackled to the axle. This whole business was then lowered over the side.

The mooring consisted of first the train wheels which reminded me of a mushroom anchor. Next was the stainless steel cable which would chafe on the bottom as the wind and tide moved the buoy around. Then there were miles and miles of braided polyethylene (not UV resistant) line followed by miles of polypropylene line (UV resistant). The mooring was engineered to have some flotation in the mooring else the weight of such a long line would have sunk the buoy.

The last 600' of line had quite a few "sensors" that we were told were would report temperature and salinity. Numerous 6' diameter wooden spools of this line and cable were stored in the ship's cargo holds and had to be brought on deck. We built and rigged a device that was fastened to the deck to unspool the line. We had to stop before each end and connect each spool. Seamen using 2"x6" lumber for brakes on the wood spools controlled the line as it unspooled. The wood spools and the wood "brakes" became so hot that they would smoke so we would keep the spools wet with a fire hose. Since we started with putting the "anchor" end out and didn't have a backup, it would have been terrible to have lost the mooring (we were told by the Navy Chiefs that the cost of the mooring alone was over $50,000).

We were supposed to report our position every 24 hours to New Orleans. Communications from the extreme southern Gulf using single sideband radio were very unreliable and often we were out of communications for several days.

The Navy sent several chief petty officers with us to monitor the radioactivity and record the launching of these buoys. Based on the number of Navy Chiefs that were on board, I thought that the buoys must really have been listening for Ivan. Our sister ship, the Cutter *Blackthorn*, also deployed several weather buoys and on one deployment the crew went on liberty somewhere in Mexico.

The *Mobile Press Register* (newspaper) usually had an article in the paper each time we departed. On our first weather buoy deployment, I was selected to be the boat coxswain to tow the buoy until the deck force had the mooring ready. I remember thinking, WOW, here I am, 1,000 miles from nowhere in a 24' boat towing a weather buoy the size of the boat.

When the deck force got the mooring out and ready to attach, the ship called on the radio. Riggs wanted me to come alongside and pick up QM1 Usher as boat coxswain because he wanted me to then jump the buoy and connect the mooring. I picked up Usher and then he took over as coxswain. Usher put me on the buoy with no problem. I got the mooring attached and he maneuvered to pick me up. While this was going on, I had given

my video camera to a storekeeper who was filming this for me from the bridge.

Usher misjudged the sea swell and rammed SAL2 into the side of the weather buoy. Of course, it didn't hurt the aluminum hull of the buoy but the fiberglass bow of the motor cargo boat was another matter. After I jumped back aboard the boat I took over as coxswain and returned to the ship to recover the boat. When the boat was secured Usher was summoned to the bridge. The old man was screaming, "Usher look at this blanky blank RADAR! You hit the only blankety-blank target in 72 miles!" (The extreme range of our radar, there were no targets).

No sooner had all the nuclear powered buoys been deployed, then we were told that the State Department had advised the Navy that unless they had a ship on immediate standby to retrieve one should it part its mooring then they could not have them deployed. It was said that a Nuclear Reactor washing up on a beach of a foreign country would certainly cause an "international incident."

Almost immediately, the buoys were redesigned with lead acid batteries and solar panels. We would take a replacement down, launch it then recover the nuke and reattach the mooring. God only knows how much it cost to design the nukes and their replacements.

Again it was a week down a day to swap out and a week to come home. This was more interesting as the nukes had only been on station for a few weeks or months and they were already attracting fish, particularly mahi mahi or dolphin fish. I kept a spinning rod with a Mitchell 300 reel spooled with 17lb test line onboard the ship usually rigged with a stainless steel wire leader and a small silver spoon. Almost every time the boat was away, I had my rod and reel. When I would catch a fish in sight of the ship the whole crew would turn out to watch and cheer. It was something to break the monotony.

# Follow Up to Marine Debris

By Susan Gateley
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The November issue ran a story about the 6,800 mile sea voyage of the steel schooner *Ault* as she sampled for plastic debris at the sea surface. Here is a follow up to this "frugally sustainable approach to ocean science" on the problem of plastic micro debris in the Great Lakes, sampled in 2013 with the assistance of the frugal wooden schooner *Sara B* who did some of her somewhat sustainable sampling without the aid of fossil fuel.

Plastic pollution of water is a huge worldwide problem. A few years ago we Americans tossed 46 billion pounds of plastic. Quite a bit of it ended up in Lake Ontario. It's a problem because it leaches noxious chemicals into the water and the food chain and tiny particles of plastic absorb and attract other chemicals that also can enter the food chain if a fish or other critter eats the stuff. And we all know what species sits on top of the food chain around here, those two legged lords and masters of the universe sailing little boats and old schooners around!

A few years back I wrote about "Project *Kaisai*." She was a little Japanese brigantine that we found languishing in San Diego. An energetic woman named Mary Crowley subsequently put her to work studying plastic pollution in the Pacific Ocean "garbage patch." Recently Ms Crowley made the back page "Making a Difference" feature in the *Christian Science Monitor.* The internet suggests that she still has *Kaisai* hard at work raising awareness of and adding knowledge to the problem.

*Kaisai* certainly made me aware of the problem for the first time. And when plastic pollution in the Great Lakes hit the headlines last year I followed up. One story mentioned a chemist named Sherri Mason at Fredonia University near Buffalo who did a cruise last summer aboard the *Niagara*, a replica of Perry's flagship based in Erie, Pennsylvania. The story mentioned research cruises were planned for Lake Ontario in 2013. I promptly volunteered *Sara B*'s services via email and Dr Mason forwarded a neuston net, sampling protocol and a box of bottles. *Sara B* now had a mission for her June cruise around Lake Ontario. She subsequently took and I shipped off eight samples to supplement material Dr

Mason collected a few weeks later between Montreal and the lake's end.

Each tow aboard our "vessel of opportunity" lasted a half hour with start and end GPS positions noted down. Most of the samples were done under power, although a couple were done under sail. Chris worked out a technique using the boat hook and fisherman staysail halyard as an outrigger to keep the neuston net out away from the boat and her bow wave turbulence. We tried, not always successfully, to tow at two knots. Under sail we could do this but under power we averaged closer to three. Tows were for a half hour followed by about another half hour of wash down and sample transfer.

We certainly did see some plastic. We also saw woody detritus, lots of cottonwood fluff, insects and insect pupa cases and a brownish sort of slime which I suspect was some form of one celled algae or diatoms smaller than the .333mm mesh we used. "Micro plastic" particles are less than 5mm in diameter and so not readily observed when mixed up in a wad of cottonwood fluff or insect remains. We sampled right off the Niagara River on the way to Hamilton where surface current mapping suggested a gyre of sorts often forms, sampled off Toronto (where we saw LOTS of big pieces of plastic) and also did a sample off our mooring at Youngstown Yacht Club in the Niagara River just for the heckuvit. After all, this was water straight from Lake Erie as a comparison. We will post a followup on www.silverwaters.com when Dr Mason works up the samples.

The issue of plastic in our oceans and lakes is an excellent way to call attention to the need to reduce the solid waste stream which has many far reaching impacts on the environment and on human and ecosystem health. One way to do this is to minimize single use plastic. No straw in your drinking water. Take your bag to the store. And support Unilever soap (see below).

Dr Mason's work is supported in part by the Burning River Foundation and by the Five Gyres Institute which has campaigned with some success to reduce microplastics in our drinking water. A portion of the pollution consists of microbeads, little plastic spheres that are an ingredient in body soaps. Supposedly these little plastic spheres exfoliate the bather's skin. Then they go down the drain and into the sewer and the lake. Yuk! Thanks in part to efforts by activists and sympathetic soap buying consumers, Unilever has already pledged to substitute a biodegradable equivalent to the plastic beads.

Unfortunately for the zooplankton, fish, humans and birds who make up the Lake Ontario food chain, The National Association of Clean Water Agencies, which represents publicly owned sewage treatment plants, classifies the tiny plastic balls as an "emerging contaminant." Emerging contaminants are materials like pharmaceutical drugs and microbeads entering wastewater that sewage treatment facilities are not designed to remove or break down. The group says plastic beads do not flocculate very well during the treatment process. Are we drinking them? Hopefully not. But certainly the critters in the lake, some of which we eat, are probably eating and or otherwise ingesting them!

To learn more how you can reduce plastic crap in the ocean and in the Great Lakes, visit the Five Gyres Institute website www.5gyres.org or plasticsoupfoundation.org and their "beat the microbead" campaign to eliminate this absurd needless pollution of our sweet water seas.

# *Conjurer*
## 104 Year Old Restored Crosby Cat Sails Again!

Report and Images by Anita Winstanley Roark
illuminations@masterfulart.com
www.masterfulart.com

*Conjurer* is a 28' Crosby catboat built in 1909 by H. Manley Crosby and is a perfect example of the definitive American catboat that was originally built here on Cape Cod. She has recently undergone a complete three year restoration project by Arey's Pond Boat Yard in South Orleans and is again sailing the Cape Cod waters of Pleasant Bay.

The relaunch of this beautiful classic catboat took place on October 15 under the helm of the owner, Frederick Villars and the owner of Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Tony Davis.

For more information please contact:
info@areyspondboatyard.com
www.areyspondboatyard.com

*Conjurer* reflections.

*Conjurer*, Frederick and Tony.

*Conjurer*.

*Conjurer* glow.

*Conjurer* afternoon sail.

*Conjurer* off Hogs Island.

## Red Sky at Night and a Morning Storm

By John Smith

When we went on our annual cruise up Long Island Sound, it was necessary to time our departure from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, so the East River current was going the same way we were. On this one particular year, Dad had decided to leave Perth Amboy mid afternoon and anchor in Great Kills Harbor so as to get a good "leg up," be able to sleep a bit in the morning and make the proper tide without pressure from the clock.

After a pleasant sail, we entered Great Kills Harbor and found a nice spot to drop the anchor. We then had a nice dinner and enjoyed a marvelous sunset. It was a thing of beauty. That night we all climbed in our bunks, looking forward to tomorrow's voyage.

We awoke with quite a start, however, to find pouring rain, high wind and our boat literally banging into another boat. All four of us rose quickly and, with uncharacteristic family coordination, set out to move our boat. My older brother Jim went with my Dad with great haste to the foredeck to pull the anchor up. Mom immediately went to work getting the engine started. I found a place to park myself that allowed me to keep the two boats separated.

All of this was happening in the light of the early morning and people ashore had noticed our plight. A gentleman in a launch appeared to see if he could offer us assistance. It was soon clear the anchor was going to stay where it was and the only way we were going to move was to cut the anchor rode.

# Selections from *The Mainsheet*

Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Once that was done, the man in the launch led us to a very big mooring buoy and helped us attach to it. He assured us we'd be secure here until we decided to move.

When the rain stopped, Dad and I went ashore in the dink. We met the helpful gentleman who gave us an anchor to replace the one we lost, and he refused to take any money. The weather remained threatening all day so we stayed put and left that harbor the following day. The rest of the cruise was uneventful, but I chuckle every time I hear, "Red sky at night, sailor's delight."

## Water Log

By Mike Bill

I am continually amazed by the skill sets of our TSCA members. When you stop to take a look at vessels that we all sail, it is remarkable how much ingenuity we have to adapt them to our uses, or better yet, how we retain "old" skills and apply to new purposes.

At the WoodenBoat Show in June, it was gratifying to watch visitors to the TSCA booth stop and watch the crafting of a spar or an oar by a member. At our Messabout a couple of weeks ago, one of the most interesting things to do was to walk along the beach and investigate all of the craft arrayed there.

Some were scratch built, others were store bought and tweaked and still others were restored. While the lines are traditional, the materials of construction are widely varied. We had wood, fiberglass and skin-on-frame. We had plywood, carvel planked cedar and strip built.

In all cases there was not a single craft that had not, in some way, been modified by her owner. Why, for the rowing race there was even a last minute extemporaneous fabrication of a tholepin. We all spent some time on the shore and questioned each other, absorbing the decision processes and techniques of one another.

The takeaway is often simply and idea or an opinion that you put into your "resource inventory." Like that scrap of white oak that you stow in your wood stack, you know you'll have a use for it but are just not sure when.

Our skills will come to the front yet again over the next few months. We have St Michael's Small Boat Festival upon us, followed in short order by the Old City Seaport Festival. Much like the Messabout, we'll see the work of others and they, in turn, will see ours.

We're also going to have a new opportunity in February (February 21-23, 2014) as we plan to exhibit at the Woodworking Show in Somerset, New Jersey. We will have ample opportunities to learn new skills from others, but I'm pretty certain we're going to draw a good deal of interest ourselves.

Cabinetmakers, wood turners and carvers will stop by our booth and, much like we do, will add to their "resource inventory" as they see applications for skills they have that they have not applied to something as "difficult" as building or rebuilding a boat.

And, more than likely, we'll kindle a spark in one of them, much like it was kindled in us.

# Messabout 2013

## Delaware River Chapter TSCA

## If you weren't there you missed a great time!

Photos by Michael Bill, Bruce Robbins, Andy Slavinskas, Frank Stauss, Therese Weissinger

## John Gardner Chapter
# TSCA News

By Phil Behney
www/tsca.net/johngardner

**October 4**

Remember that we have one dory available to row on the Thames river located at Sandy DeSepo's house. There is also one dory at Mystic and the other two are at the clubhouse and could use some minor maintenance.

I have included a picture taken by John Hacunda of the *RV Connecticut* which the club members and friends were able to tour this past September. Many thanks to Dan Nelson for making the vessel available to our group and for talking about the many aspects of the ship's operations and missions.

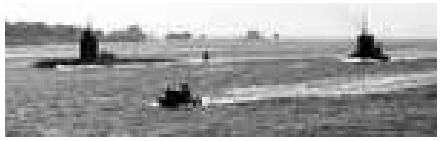
**October 11**

This is a good weekend to get out and use the dories. I have been using the dory at Sandy's house to row back and forth to work, great sunsets and ever changing scenery! Get out there and enjoy the fall foliage! Please exercise caution if you use the dory at Sandy's, the dock is in disrepair and there is a lot of shipping traffic on the Thames River. So be careful! Don't forget Friday boat building at the Avery Point boathouse in Groton. See you there!

**October 17**

Last Friday we had a great turnout for boat building, fishing and the usual scuttlebutt. Let's continue this Friday with our efforts. Bruce is still under the weather so let's keep our momentum up so he can help us with the planking when he returns. John Symons ceded his shop time to Ellie Czarnowski so she can finish up the sail rig on her "Skerry" from Chesapeake Light Craft. We also need to do some light maintenance on our club dories.

I am still rowing to work from Sandy's dock on the Thames River and am going to try to do this as long as possible, Sandy will be moving soon so anyone else who would like to try a row on the Thames from there should do so soon. I can't take a camera with me but I have included a picture of a sub on the river taken from the ferry and another of our web master John Hacunda taking photos on one of our club outings.



**October 24**

Regarding this Saturday's fall foliage row, I plan to put the boats on the trailer Friday evening and John will bring them to the launch site Saturday 10am. The ramp is at the end of Smith Neck road in Old Lyme. This is a beautiful location for a row so don't miss out. I am still rowing one of the dories to work and may have aroused interest from some coworkers to join me. Don't forget this Friday evening 6:30pm for our usual boat building and scuttlebutt. I could also use some help loading boats and I will answer any questions about Saturday's row. One more thing, please bring a camera so we can post some photos of the adventure!

From Bill and John: Due to popular acclaim we have selected Great Island Nature Area in lieu of Gardener Lake as the venue for this Saturday's Fall Row. It was deemed more interesting with wildlife, protected coastal waters and landforms varying from sand spits to salt marsh. The plan is to launch at 10am and take the 1½ hour water trail loop, retrieving about noon, followed by a picnic lunch. Our extended summer weather is ending, so dress warmly. Cartop or trailer, the site accommodates both. If someone wants to bring a club dory or two, that would be great. Folks without their own boats could then be accommodated. I plan on bringing our Peapod and the Natoma Skiff. John Symons and I visited the site this afternoon. Lots of osprey and eagles have been sighted. And the fall colors should be at their peak. Hope to see you there.

**October 30**

I have a report from Bill Rutherford and John Symons on last Saturday's Fall Foliage Row. A good time was had by all on a very blustery fall day! Many thanks to Bill and John for their efforts in putting this trip together. I am still rowing to work and have gained another rower, our newest member, Josh Paterson, has been joining me on the daily commute. We sometimes row in together using the dory as a double and other times we each take separate boats, depending on schedules. This may be our last week unless I can find a new place to depart from in Groton as our host Sandy D'Esopo is moving to East Lyme.

# Fall Foliage Row Report

By Bill and John

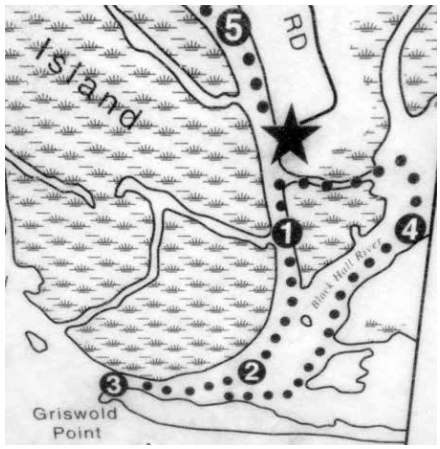
It was a brisk and blustery day in the 50s but with bright sun as we launched three dories and two double enders into the river back of Great Island near the mouth of the mighty Connecticut River in Old Lyme. A thanks to Peter for recommending the location, it is a beautiful wildlife preserve marsh hosting nesting osprey. The waters are protected from the big waves of the Sound but open to its great expanse.

Josh, Shirley and John rowed the club Avery Point dories. They were surprised by the sail area they presented to the strong and gusty winds. Ellie and her friends Karen and John, plus Ellie's two adventuresome dogs, rowed her Skerry while Karen steered and I rowed the Natoma Skiff, also a double ender. At the waterline, at least, we were all double enders. Elle's friend Karen did most of the rowing in their boat, she really got into the rhythm of the oars and usually was out front. Josh not only got further into rowing, but actually learned sculling, laying back and relaxing in the stern of the dory.

John not only picked up and delivered the three dories, all stacked on the club trailer but installed a trailer hitch on his pickup especially for the occasion. And thank goodness for Karen's sandwiches, for we got hungry before we got back, devouring them while hanging onto marsh grass hunkered in the lee of the brisk breeze.

We rowed up the Back River to Watch Rock, one of the many pocket parks in Old Lyme, turned, hung out in the reeds for a while and returned to the state launch site. We saved heading down to the sand spit for another time. The wind was strong but we dressed warmly so all enjoyed ourselves. Only one question remained. where shall we go for our spring row? Spring row you say? It better be a sail for me.


Top left: Hanging onto marsh grass enjoying lunch.
Top right: Karen and Bill.
Left: Josh and Shirley.
Below: Karen and John have an "Oh, no!" moment contemplating rowing back against the wind.
Right: The Great Island Nature Area.




# *The Sharpie*

By Nick Fast

She never got a name, she was just *The Sharpie* her whole life. A thing of beauty, she had been built by DeWitt Conklin in Patchogue, Long Island, New York, about 1910 and was used as the tender to my grandfather's converted 45' Long Island Sloop power boat. She was 12' long and 4' in beam, lightly built, two side planks lapped, no chine logs (more on this later) and much rake to the transom. Two rowing stations had Davis oarlocks, the kind which were captive and flipped up to drop into place, always available and never stolen.

About 1938 my grandfather bought an Evenrude Elto 1.2hp outboard to use on her, but we found that the transom rake was greater than the mounting clamp could accommodate, leaving the engine tilted back at an odd angle. He had a couple of pieces of 1/4" by 2" flat bar drilled and bent and we bolted these to her transom with a piece of 2"x6" across on which to clamp the engine. About ten years later I bought an Evenrude 3hp "weedless" engine which had its lower unit raked down at about the same angle and it performed very well. I guess we could have left our first engine clamped to her transom after all, but it did look very strange that way.

This rig was perfect and two of my older cousins and I took her across Long Island's Great South Bay and back, outfitted with some pillows and snacks for comfort and a gallon jug of gas. I don't recall having any PFDs aboard, we were all good swimmers and for much of the trip we could see bottom. World War II came along and I got a gas rationing card. Pleasure boaters were allotted two gallons of gas per year for each hp, so that came to 2 1/2 gallons for the summer. That was plenty for me for exploring the many creeks of Bay Shore at age 11, 12 and 13. The tank on the engine only held about 1 1/4 pints.

By the time I started high school *The Sharpie* was some 35 years old and leaking badly. The lower side planks were nailsick since repairs over the years had consisted of adding more nails whenever a bottom plank loosened. My grandfather came up with one of his "great ideas," since tarpaper kept rain out of a building, let's tarpaper the bottom and up the sides to the lap. So we did, setting the tarpaper in wet roofing tar and using short roofing nails, slicing and lapping where necessary, then adding bottom paint. It worked. Well, at least for a while. We hadn't added any strength to the chine joint in the process, and by the end of summer the tarpaper had split in a number of places.

Time for major surgery. That winter I hand sawed 3" off the lower side planks, stem and transom, enough to miss all the nail points. I added the chine logs which had been eliminated in the original construction. New bottom planking was applied, this time alternating nails into side plank then chine log. Success! Her lines were accentuated by reducing her freeboard. She still rowed like a dream, bringing the oar blades up 3" relative to the oarlocks and thwarts did not seem to be a problem. In retrospect she had always felt a bit "hands high" in the original form, not just because I was only a little kid when I first rowed her.

I left for college a few years later and then settled in Connecticut after that. A couple of boats followed me to the new location but not *The Sharpie*. My grandfather died soon after and my uncle took over the homestead. I have no idea how long *The Sharpie* lasted in its new configuration. By then her basic structure was nearing 50 years old.

# The Motor Whaleboat

By Joseph Ress

In my earlier days, I spent a good deal of time in the company of what was once (probably) the most the most prolific boat in the country, the Navy's 26' motor whaleboat. Robb White had lots to say about this boat in his essay entitled "The Motor Whaleboats of Dog Island" (*Flotsam and Jetsam*, page 291), and most of it was a good report, especially his remarks on its sea keeping qualities.

I'd like to add a bit to his account, as I remembered these exceptional and ubiquitous boats which were in constant use before, during and after World War II. They were wooden, carvel built, diesel powered models with a steering platform aft, engine in the middle and a hooped canvas shelter forward. Generally, the crew consisted of three men; the coxswain, the engineer and the bow hook.

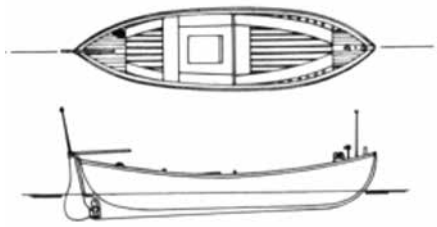
In those earlier times, engine speed was controlled by the coxswain who had a specially woven lanyard to a brass bell; one bell stroke for ahead slow, two for stop, three for astern and four for full speed in the direction she was going. The boats generally hung from davits (or "boat falls") but sometimes they were launched and recovered with a crane or derrick.

The standard 26' motor whaleboat (Mark 2) had a beam of 7'4", a draft of 2'4" and a capacity of 24 men or 9,070lbs. The engine was a 25hp four cylinder Diesel and she could make 7kts fully loaded with her three bladed 18" right handed propeller. Her 28gal tanks gave her a range of 110 nautical miles. Some models were cooled directly by seawater and some by a fresh water cooler recessed into the hull.

While the Navy's motor whaleboat (MWB) can legitimately claim blood kinship with the graceful whaleboats that graced the Moby Dick era, it remains a somewhat distant cousin. Nor is the MWB as classy looking as a Hinckley or Concordia either, but for all that it was still a great boat in wartime and provided much pleasure to sailors in peacetime. Unfortunately, in countless numbers, they were converted to some rather hideous examples of marine incomprehension and artistic ignorance.

After the war, one of my friends converted a surplus MWB to a ketch and kindly invited me for a sail a couple of times. He did a real workmanlike job of it, but it is with great remorse (and perhaps a bit of ingratitude) that, in the interest of honest commentary, I must say that its performance under sail was less than sterling. In retrospect, I believe that in an over enthusiastic consideration of "safety first" he may have greatly under canvassed his ketch. Nevertheless, there have been innumerable elegant conversions to sailboats that provided immense pleasure to their owners and to observers as well.

One of the many tasks occasionally undertaken by an active duty MWB when used by the Navy is torpedo recovery. After the torpedo firing and, in the interest of economy and thrift, the rules of the exercise



required the "firing" ship to chase the torpedo (by following its wake to recover it. (Note: when using a torpedo for practice or drill, the warhead was exchanged for a yellow, easily visible exercise head.) The exercise head operated in this manner. When the air that actually propelled the weapon expired, it expelled the water that was in the head with the last remaining air pressure. By expelling the water and replacing it with air, the weapon became buoyant, causing it to surface. The yellow painted exercise head would then bob around on the surface making it easier to locate. Then an MWB was launched to recover it by bringing the boat alongside the weapon, strapping some line around it and through the gudgeon on its nose and towing it back to the ship.

At the conclusion of just such a practice run in the Caribbean in 1950, as the crew and I were strapping a spent practice torpedo alongside our MWB, a large shark surfaced only inches from the boat. I say "large" because I judged it to be at least half as long as the MWB, thus making it about 13' long. I know that there are many brave folks who like to swim with sharks, feed them and do all kinds of intimate things with them, but to have one of these repulsive giants appear suddenly from the deep was, to me, a daunting affair.

That the MWB was seaworthy was clearly demonstrated to me several times. On one particular occasion in 1949, our ship, a *Gearing* Class destroyer, was detached from our squadron and ordered to act as plane guard for the aircraft carrier *USS Oriskany CV 34* as they were requalifying carrier pilots for nighttime operations.

Now the purpose of a plane guard is to rescue a pilot who, on landing or take off, has an unpleasant dunking. The plane guard takes station on the carrier's starboard quarter, keeping her bearing 345º (relative) at a distance of 1,250 yards. If you have ever seen pictures of an aircraft carrier at sea during WWII or during the Cold War that followed, you will invariably see the plane guard off the carrier's starboard quarter, about half a mile away.

On this occasion, flight operations began at dusk, the ship's company was at their plane guard stations and the operation began. Landing and takeoffs continued for about an hour when we got a radio report that a plane had gone over the side. "Plane crash" went over the PA system. The MWB was lowered to the port deck edge and the crew boarded. Its regular crew of three were joined by an officer, a hospital corpsman, a shipfitter, a signalman and an electrician's mate.

At that moment the ship was making 18 knots and the "telephone talker" assigned to the boat falls announced, "launch the boat." The officer called to the Chief Petty Officer on deck to confirm that order as a quick look over the side clearly indicated that the ship was going entirely too fast to launch a MWB. The Chief took the phones from the talker, called the bridge and got the same order. "Bridge says to launch!" he called and the boat was quickly lowered.

I had seen MWBs launched while the ship was underway, but only at 3kts or 4kts maximum. This was more than alarming, it was frightening. As soon as the boat hit the water, with the engine running at maximum speed, the sea painter (a line attached to the bow of the boat leading forward on the ship for the specific purpose of keeping the boat alongside while launching when underway) became as taut as a bow string. The bow hook was unable to pull out the fid that was used as a toggle for quick release, so the coxswain shouted "Cut it." Fortunately the bow hook's ever present blade was sharp. Eighteen knots is a lot greater than the maximum hull speed of a MWB.

With the sea painter cut, the coxswain tried to get clear of the ship's side but the speed was still so great that he could barely move his tiller. As the boat slowed, he leaned on it and the gap between the boat and the ship slowly opened. Relative to the ship, the boat fell back but it was so close that its canopy brushed the port propeller guard as it did so. The coxswain, in a virtuoso performance, maneuvered the boat without broaching and headed to a floating flare, which indicated the approximate location of the downed plane.

With the rescue accomplished, the MWB returned to the ship and was hoisted aboard. Instead of the compliments the officer and his coxswain anticipated, they were taken to the captain's cabin and give a royal castigation. What were they thinking, the captain wanted to know, launching the boat without orders and at such a high speed. An informal investigation followed, which found the officer and the coxswain blameless, but the inquiry did succeed in uncovering a serious flaw in the communications procedure in the ship's maneuvering and navigation telephone system (designated the "1JV circuit"), which was immediately corrected.

Over the years, in spite of the harsh treatment these boats often endured, they demonstrated their remarkable capacity to be equal to almost any task. In fairness to their crews, and to others charged with their care,

I must say that that while some of them were subjects of unwarranted abuse, many were treated like the storied ancient royal barges. I was happy to see that there was an unofficial beauty contest among the coxswains of our eight ship squadron. The boats were immaculate, all gussied up with traditional fancywork, some of the gigs' canopies were fringed with MacNamara's Lace. There were turks' heads galore, ocean plait scrape mats, coachwork, it was an amazing exhibition of marlinespike seamanship.

I hope that the newer fiberglass models now being used by the Navy, which I occasionally see in newsreels, are receiving the same treatment.

# The Perfect Canoe

By Darrell Henning

I finally found it, the perfect canoe. For more years than I care to count I have searched for the perfect canoe. It all started when several of us boys "liberated" an old cement mixing box from a construction site and poled it out into a nearby swamp. Many a happy hour was spent in pushing ourselves about in this leaky conveyance. It floated, which was all we really cared about as we explored the nooks and crannies of the swamp that would disappear in the summer heat and reappear in the spring.

Eventually tiring of that, and the cement tub having mysteriously disappeared, we graduated to building our own wood and canvas canoe(s), two as I recall, in the basement of the local Catholic church. They also floated and were actually used on a fishing expedition to northern Wisconsin. I don't recall what happened to them.

My next boat was a real wood and canvas canoe which my older brother had acquired after a summer in the boundary waters as a Boy Scout counselor. My joy and enthusiasm knew no bounds as we lugged it down to the banks of the Upper Iowa River which flowed through town on its way to the Mississippi River. Not only did it float but we could actually maneuver it. More time was spent learning the intricacies of canoeing and canoe repair. After seriously damaging the canvas on numerous rocks and snags, I recovered the beast in high school shop class which led to many more enjoyable seasons on the aforementioned river. Don't know what happened to that canoe either.

College, marriage and family and jobs soon took precedent over my boating experiences until I returned to my home town and the Upper Iowa River beckoned once again. A Grumman aluminum canoe was purchased (my first boat purchase) and it floated. I could steer and mostly make it do the things I wanted it to do and, best of all, it could take a lot of abuse, which the river served up in abundance.

About that time my wife and I discovered the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario and experienced the pleasures of canoeing and extended camping trips on some really big lakes, but the Grumman was not the best canoe for these waters and I lusted after one of the lighter, faster and sleeker looking composite canoes that passed us with seemingly little effort both in the water and on the portages. So we bought one which also floated and served us well on our annual outings into Quetico. But I could never "bond" with it. I longed for the traditional shape and feel of the classic canoe.

The Fletcher Fancy.

Several years ago, while preparing for the trek into the lakes, we found a brochure on the bed at the motel in Atikokan, Ontario. There was a traditional wood and canvas canoe builder just down the road. We stopped by and were treated to a tour of the builder's shop and a bit of history on how she came to be building canoes. We left but got only about a quarter mile down the road, turned around and returned to put a deposit on the smaller of the two canoes Thelma Cameron builds. Periodically that winter Thelma would forward pictures of our canoe as she progressed.

I sold the composite canoe and the following year took possession of our very own Fletcher's Fancy, 15' wood and canvas canoe. Not only is the canoe beautiful (one person who purchased one has hung it on his wall as artwork) but it was all I could expect and more. Due to some subtle design features (it was designed by Thelma's uncle, Paul Fletcher, an aircraft engineer) it handles better than any canoe I've owned, rented or borrowed, weighs less (about 50lbs) and slices through the waves with ease and dignity instead of riding up on said waves and slamming down with a subsequent bang and spray. We bonded immediately.

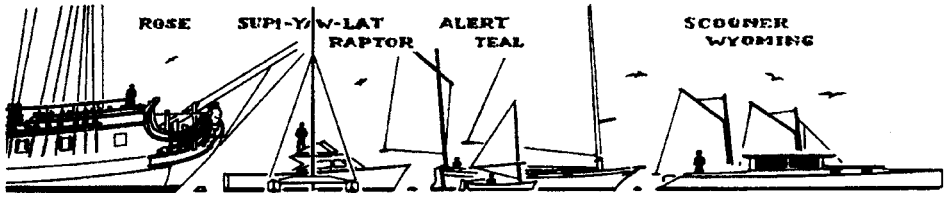
I still have the Grumman and a small solo composite canoe which I use on the river, but each year I look forward to loading up the Fletcher with a week's worth or more of provisions and camping gear and heading out into the lakes of Ontario. It is a joy to look at, paddle and portage. I could ask for nothing more. I've finally found the perfect canoe. It has the sleek lines and classic style reminiscent of First Nation and voyageurs' canoes that grace the Adirondacks and North Woods paintings and seem so much of a part of the national landscape of my imagination.

Check out Fletcher Canoes at fletcher-canoes.com to learn more about these fantastic canoes (the Fletchers Fancy and the larger Bill Mason Special). If you are truly fortunate Thelma Cameron, with Randy's help, will build you your perfect canoe.

Terry, loaded up for a week on the lakes, Nym Lake, Ontario.

Thelma Cameron (canoe builder), your author, Terry Sparkes (my wife) and the Fletcher canoe.

Camping on Beaverhouse Lake, Quetico Provincial Park, Ontario.

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# Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

## "SACPAS-3"(LCP)

Design # 681
39'1"x7'5"x 12"x225hp
16th in a Series of Articles

Sixteenth installment? I had to go back and check. So the project seems to take way longer than anticipated? Well, yes and no. And that needs elaborating a bit but not until the latter half of this piece.

First an issue that comes up not just building "square" boats, sharpies or other plywood based hulls and superstructures. Vertical corners and horizontal edges, high wear steps, coamings and even hull structure inside a working cockpit, etc, are common elements in the assembly of hull and superstructure.

In plywood based structures we are looking at the obvious need to join and protect such exposed edges, with several options to reliably cover the end grain of adjoining plywood against the elements and wear. It would range from fine joiner work with solid wood pieces covering the end grain across whatever angle, to just butting and perhaps glassing that joint, with just these two options requiring a fair bit of effort to look decent and then be hopefully durable across countless cycles of heat and cold and the inevitable wear from chafe and nicks across that exposed joint.

On SACPAS-3 just about all outside facing surfaces were built on tables with fiberglass cloth, epoxy and then often much of the paint applied with the piece still flat horizontal for zero runs nor drips under the motto "gravity is our friend." So whether assembly of hull or superstructure, we'd use plywood fastening cleats of various sizes inside that joint, but unavoidably leaving one length of end grain exposed. No doubt some would be ambitious enough to plan on a perfect 45º union on both ends, including perfect radii on both pieces with the glass-cloth to meet in a perfect union right at the joint. Elegant in some way, if you can pull this off across the various angles and the uncertainty of perfect joints until you actually join the pieces together in the not always 100% predictable 3D universe of an emerging structure. And that would still leave that joint without glass across its seam and thus the likelihood of movement and thus cracks developing both visually but also for water to penetrate somehow. Looking at such aging joints can be depressing.

Not exactly bedtime reading, but thumbing through a Grainger industrial supplies catalogue I found one plausible solution for such a challenge, particularly on this workboat. Under a product line called Dynaform I found industrially produced fiberglass reinforced plastic angles, channels, round and square tubes, etc, in routinely shippable length of 10'. In Picture #1 we see the range of these worked with on this project. You already see where this is going. From left to right there is a 2"x2"x1/4" angle, a 1.5"x1.5"x1/4" angle, a 1"x1"x1/8" angle, along with a 2"x2"x1/4" and a 1.5"x1.5"x1/4" square tube. In this piece we'll just touch using a few of these. Yes, the point is to just cover the often 90º joint either bedded in epoxy or 3M 5200/4200 adhesive.

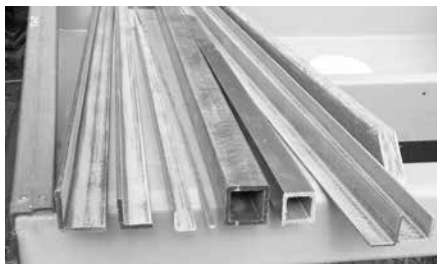

Photo 1

Picture #2 shows using 1"x1"x1/8" pieces to significantly harden her cockpit coaming upper edges. In all cases it seems advisable to rough up the bonding surfaces with low grit sandpaper, saturating the plywood grain with likely two wet in wet coats of plain epoxy, one such coat inside the angle pieces and finally a serrated trowel applied thickened coat (here WEST 406) to allow for any imperfections, despite best prep for a perfect fit. With that thickened slurry squeezing up in between the two pieces joint we should be bonding resin to resin with eventual crack extending only into epoxy and not the actually wood below. Of course, a perfectly matching channel to cap the whole thing would have been nicer yet, but may not always match in its dimensions the structure in question. Should we still end up chewing through that hardworking upper coaming edge, beyond epoxy repairs, the final upgrade would be using an aluminum or stainless edge treatment, likely bonded with 3M 5200 or some such to that fiberglass substrate.

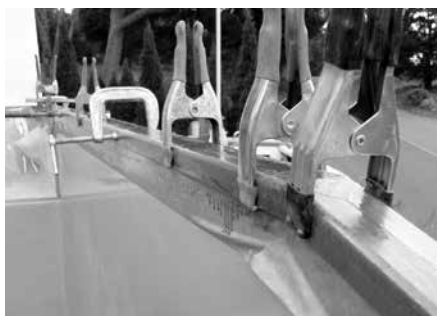

Photo 2

Pictures #3 and #4 show the house after vertical edge is hardened against lines running and boat hooks banging.

Pictures #5 and #6 offer one way to do the rooftop's after edge drain, redirecting the water away from the collar, unless we insist on putting our head under the open outer ends. Here the 1.5"x1.5"x1/8" square tube was run through the table saw to produce a 1.5"x1.5"x1" channel, with the cut off ready to serve as a head cracker reinforcement of the roof's transverse under edge. With this dry fit complete in this photo, the next step is the usual epoxy process.

Photo 3

Photo 4

Photo 5

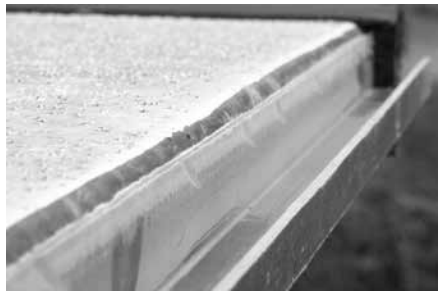

Photo 6

Picture #7 offers a solution against damage from dragging butts and equipment out past the outboard's powerhead to the rear-edge of the diving platforms left and right of the motor. You will remember those angles on the right of the first picture. Again, a 1.5"x1.5"x1/8" square tube was cut to produce two such pieces out of one length; we'll get to figure all sorts of cuts to modify the available section to match our particular geometries. Shown here also is the 1/8" overhang of the big piece, ready to accept a carefully cut very small matching cover of the plywood end grain still exposed here. The horizontal surface will be covered by 1/2" thick recycled rubber cockpit matting, not easy to slide stuff over but likely making the plywood/glass-cloth/epoxy matrix underneath last long enough.

Photo 7

Picture #8 touches on the many other opportunities to apply these sturdy wear edges over structurally important joints that need protecting. Here all horizontal and vertical edges of the fuel tank boxes are awaiting this treatment to match the daily work duty of this cockpit. And where deemed necessary we could add more chafing strips, top surface mats, etc.

Photo 8

No doubt, on a working craft all these applied edgings do not remotely look out of place, in fact may enhance her no nonsense looks, whether keeping this factory dark gray appearance or painting it to match the adjoining surfaces. Here, even in this modest reproductive format, Picture #9 shows how these additions to her aft cockpit functionality do not retract from her appearance.

Photo 9

Which brings us to Picture #10 with SACPAS-3 in full glory after the need to access all of her after outside surfaces required taking down all that weather protection (just in time for winter). Of course, the point is to make her ready for launching, which has been a long time in the making. And that brings us to the other half of this article.


Photo 10

Since this project was explicitly structured as a collaborative effort between the US Navy, the City of Gloucester, the Boat Design House of PB&F, plus soon into the project, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, this has been and will be an explicitly public experiment. We've always had an open door policy for the public to watch us do this taxpayer funded work with over 1160 visitors stepping foot on the shop floor, with many more watching through open doors and through windows. We've had our Mayor, our Congressman, City Councillors, State Senator, etc, visit the project to understand how we spend that money building this boat, an access policy I continue to this day.

Here, as a matter of accounting to this public how this project has developed, is the short version on the current status of this experimental project.

Right up front, the public at large and every reader so far and including this article has been assured that the boat has indeed been built and looks quite decent indeed. She can be seen from the road at 66 Atlantic Street in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and more closely upon appointment with me.

Now for more context on the circumstances under which this was accomplished starting right at the beginning:

The US Navy farmed out the administration of this contract to a large Beltway player called CSC. They in turn contracted with PB&F. Phil Bolger & Friends had no choice in either that process nor much in the format of the contract. While PB&F had to trust in the expertise of USN and CSC to structure the numbers and formalities to match the experimental and thus highly uncertain nature of this project, neither assumed budget nor respective time frame ever would come to actually match this project.

Since Day 1 the City of Gloucester was in on this, by the Navy's explicit intent on local collaboration. The crew would be paid by the City, along with the majority of estimated materials, hardware and consumables. I would be paid by the Navy, with a bit left for materials, hardware, consumables. However, the budget had been agreed upon between each other before there actually was a design or materials and hardware list/budget (!). So, from early on, it was already short by at least the cost of the outboard and who knows what else?!

So I asked the State (Massachusetts) to join as a stakeholder. The Division of Marine Fisheries (DMF) had been friendly to the cause of exploring much greener boat building methods and operational efficiencies, with this opportunity emerging as one plausible point of engagement. No doubt, a dedicated low carbon fishing craft might have been more preferable yet, but not within reach for such little money.

Why would they be able to get the boat? The Navy was/is just interested in seeing her built (and documented via Construction Manual and Plans) and then tested and did not need another boat. The City's staffer assigned to this project decided (for whatever reasons) that despite the absence of any craft on this Port City's roster of vehicles that the City would not need this boat (?!) So the State would receive the boat for about the cost of the 225hp outboard. A good deal indeed.

Let's recollect why this is an explicitly experimental project. As defined by the Navy, the task was to build this new design with non boat builders! In addition to that major element of uncertainty, with nobody in the crew, including myself, having experi-

ence and routines in estimating materials and consumables, while adding up likely necessary plywood sheets and known hardware was fairly well doable, the costing of expensive epoxy for instance proved astonishingly elusive. This mounting body of uncertainties within an already very tight budget did not come to work out very well.

We started by early March 2011 with a crew of three, plus me. But between my highly recommended foreman calling me from jail some fine Wednesday by Week 4.5 for DWI and possession of a controlled substance with intent to distribute, no budget to exercise freedom to fire and hire as necessary beyond one kid by Week 3.5, this was costing a fair bit of the budget and my nerves, but not producing matching output on the shop floor.

The crew's relative effectiveness was boosted by my hiring another woman in her late 40s, Rosalyn, who brought her seasoned focus and gravitas. But with a foreman in withdrawal and doing 80 hour work weeks to build his legal defense fund, we would finally see him rush out with his tools in a fit of nerves, leaving Roz and myself with a boat in pieces. Good thing that 95% of the power tools came out of my shop. By the time funding for Roz had run out by mid August the hull was assembled, bulkheads in and roof on, transom not yet installed and next to no interior, no cuddy, bow cockpit or bow gate. I would be doing this work solo from then on. Everything to that point and until today was routinely documented in illustrated reports.

By the end of 2011, with the budget for rent depleted, the boat had to leave that shop and was transported at my cost to our property. There it has been outside under cover, subject to the rich range of New England temperatures and humidity changes. I tried heating and dehumidification to steady relative output of work but to little effectiveness and (briefly) big bills.

By February 2012 a significant boost in the budget for my labor was announced by the Navy, effectively covering the seven months of fulltime work in that shop since the last payment for labor on June 3, 2011. CSC claimed serious problems processing this budget boost. It began to arrive in increments by early August 2012 with the final installment in my account by late December of 2012, effectively 12 months after the last of that work period in the shop had been performed. There was no funding for then already $3,500 in overages for materials, hardware, consumables.

However, for the unavoidably part time work outside over the last 22+ months (billable as a much smaller combined total in fulltime months), hosting and powering the project on my property and racking up a pile of materials/hardware/consumables overages receipts nearing now $10K, no money would be forthcoming(?!) With routine illustrated reports furnished, progress had been tracked on the DC end of things.

I proceeded to pick away at her as much as the upside down economics allowed under the assumption, in fact, in keeping with the precedent that another boost to the budget would eventually be presented to match the inherent uncertainty of such an experimental project brief. Mind you, all the work done here is of at best Chevy type ambition and execution versus Caddy gloss and dazzle and associated over spending.

This project had come to take much longer than any one of us had expected. So, I received periodic urgings to move matters along, which was understandable on the one hand but fundamentally inconsistent so far with the no budget model of project administration on the other hand.

Several issues to observe on the time this project has taken. This seems indeed an endless project, seemingly warranting such prodding. But work progress is directly dependent on a budget that finances it. If there is no money to hire help, instead of four folks working on this project, it is only one person, effectively quadrupling the time necessary for each step in the assembly. Add to this since late 2011 no budget for a weathertight shop space and matters slow further. Epoxy, fiberglass and paint work simply are impossible when its too cold, too hot, too humid to spend resources and time with just a simple tarp for protection and no personal shed handy for free.

Finally, as a non boat builder myself, there have been many instances where a second set of eyes and hands, never mind another brain, might have made the efforts expended more effective.

So, well before the contract's formal end, I had gradually ramped from gentle hints to flat out documenting via hard numbers my fiscal challenges on this project to CSC and the Navy to as yet no adequate response by late October 2013.

Here is one way of seeing the current reality as possibly impacted by greater political and budgetary challenges. Between budget sequestration, furloughs, then the Navy Yard Massacre and (due to the extended timeframe of this project) a sequence of folks at both CSC and USN tasked to watch the project's progress changed, creating thus an apparent absence of any consistent memory of the genesis and fiscal constraints since the project's beginnings. Folks on the DC end simply lost sight of the mounting fiscal realities. This would explain dropping the ball on getting a final budgetary adjustment initiated in due time under whatever formalities. And that would seem a more charitable perspective.

In fact, of course, every report documented in word and photos progress the work done and thus inevitably additions to the boat with the purchase of more plywood, epoxy, paint, glass cloth, hardware, etc, so far on PB&F's bill to the tune of nearing $10,000. Folks in the business of routinely running government contracts would be expected to watch progress along with keeping a keen eye on budgetary realities. And yet that does not appear to have been the case.

In the meantime, we've run up against the contract's end point with the boat in a state that could be used for hanging the state's outboard and then preparing her for launch and testing. But the numbers remain uncorrected and so far the boat is still on my property.

Conclusions: Quite astonishingly, a potentially quite destructive situation looms in light of dark language offered me by phone (!) so far by CSC staffers about me possibly finding myself in default anyway should I not sign off on this (problematic) modus operandi by them, to then be crushed legally and fiscally by the mighty CSC behemoth. According to that thinking, I might actually come to owe on this (!!), as if I were not owed enough already.

Or reason prevails and a plausible rate for as yet unpaid labor plus the budget for the materials/hardware overages will be transferred into the appropriate accounts, which then would allow the boat to be launched and tested and finally put to marine scientific use in the State's hands. After all, with a fair bit of public funding expended to see her built, we all should see her run.

The City did their end of this deal without a hitch and the State did volunteer to invest manpower helping me out by tasking seriously motivated guys to help paint her inside and out, or just to hang the long rubrails requiring another set of hands. Having recently examined the boat, they reiterated their ongoing assurance that they are indeed (still!) onboard with the project, ready to order the outboard once the budgetary mess has been resolved.

Some observing voices offering sober counsel have mentioned various layers of federal oversight mechanisms should no plausible resolution be forthcoming, with other options also mentioned. They speculate that CSC folks seriously mismanaged their end of this experimental project due to inattention to the budget issues, with things having hit the fan with the US Navy once I insisted on balancing the books well before the contract would be up. So called Federal Acquisition Regulations and other related provisions are in place in hope of preventing such treatment of sub contractors. But this is all speculation as far as I know.

If CSC chose to crush PB&F, PB&F would have made no money on this project arriving at a $0,000 final summary between the compensation already paid and overages exceeding that sum by now, according to respective federal gross hourly compensation tables!! We'll see where this goes for this small business. One thing is for sure, by the federal gross hourly rate quoted as the basis for the last labor budget boost last year, I am de facto (de jure?) by now a significant stakeholder in this boat, one out of four owners.

I sincerely hope that reason prevails. I certainly have proposed for the other stakeholders to put their heads and budgets together to get this resolved with a productive and dignified final episode of seeing her perform adequately and then (hopefully) work for the public for decades to come.

I sure am pleased with how she looks, that she needs only minor additional, mostly cosmetic, work before the motor and its particular installation requirements arrive. With what I have left for supplies in my workshop downstairs, I can do a fair bit to get her ready as a matter of good faith as weather and the need to make a living allows.

# The Bucket List
## Part 12

By Dan Rogers

## Last Sail for 2013?

"Deep in December it's nice to remember when grass was green and life was mellow…"

Well, as I write this I sit in the sternsheets of September, with October close aboard astern and about to take us on board, the grass is certainly still green. Raining buckets, as it turns out. But yesterday, at least, life for this sailor was indeed mellow. I simply put down the tools, shelved the projects, put the honey-dos on hold and WENT SAILING.

Cold, gray and blowing pretty hard, just the way we like it. *Lady Bug* has been in the water a few times this year. Far too few. With an even chance of our current spate of early fall rain turning to the white stuff any time now I took a shot at "one more time" before everybody gets bedded down for winter. And oddly enough, I had the lake all to myself.

I do admit it. I have messed around with Simplicating and Adding Lightness to both rig and trailer so often in our six or seven year association that there are times when I just don't remember where "this line runs" or what "that cleat is supposed to do." But I got her rigged with only a few snags, fouls and false starts.

There was a fair sea running through the launch ramp docks but, with a bit of caution and patience, I managed to launch the little veteran of a thousand campaigns and get her tied off to leeward. I'm still having trouble getting that full battened main out of the cabin and bent on without the spines grabbing just about everything that looks or feels like a lifeline, hat, boom vang, lazy jacks or inner shroud. But it's probably good to still have stuff to mess with.

I discovered that the motor mount that I had changed to fit the long shaft 8hp Nissan kept the short shaft 5hp Mariner pretty much above the load waterline. But since that motor was not yet stored on the "winter rack" back in the shop, and since it's a whole lot lighter to lift, carry and joggle onto a mounting board about 6' off the pavement, that's the one I chose to bring along. No problem. Captain Cook made it without motors. So can I.

With absolutely nobody there to witness such a grand act of seamanship I raised the main, came about on short stay and released the bow line while pivoting seaward. The jib was up and drawing in less than a boat length. There is that magic moment when I finally sit down in the cockpit, light hand on the tiller and the boat murmurs something to the effect, "OK, now it's my turn…"

All I had to do was haul in on the main sheet until those pesky beach cat battens snapped into a beautiful camber. The rest is just simply poetry.

My absolutely favoritest moment during any sail is when the boat takes her first punch and settles rail down. With our gusty pre-frontal winds jumping from the high teens to low 20s, that came almost at the get go. A light rattling of spray on the cabin sides, the shush and slush of the quarter wave, a moderate hum from the headstay. Yep. Poetry.

We stayed out until the rain started to convince me that my fleece jacket was not going to be a long term solution. The chop and side wind breaking through the ramp area as we passed "for just one more tack" became the deal breaker. And before we knew it, the spell was broken. *Lady Bug* resumed her perch on the trailer. Mast stowed, standing and running rigging coiled down and bungeed up.

And now the rain pours down. October looms. Can December be all that far off?

## And, So It Begins… Again

I answered a classified ad for a 45-year-old Fiberform with inline 6 and Mercruiser IO. My "plan" was to trash the boat and stick the drive train into *Old Salt* until I figured out just how BIG and HEAVY that apparatus really was. Naturally I'd already gotten the RV storage stalls packed to the very margins with boats and trailers for the oncoming winter. Naturally the shop was already occupied with this building season's projects. Naturally. So, it was with a great deal of work, head scratching and angst, that there are now five boat trailer combos and a Chevy van stuffed into a two stall RV shed space. An 18' IO is on the building cart in the shop. A new to me trailer (with surge brakes, no less) hidden in the bushes and, sadly, the foundation hull for the full sized shantyboat project that keeps getting superseded is on the lawn and awaiting salvage of what can be salvaged, and then demolition. And, of course, *Old Salt* is still awaiting a heart transplant.

But I now have the bones for a full sized version of *Shenanigan* with about 150hp to push it with regular gas through a simple single barrel carb. Everybody NEEDS something to keep 'em outa the bars. And it really shouldn't be sooooo hard to get built. All I gotta do, is...

The 45-year-old Fiberform.

A full sized version of *Shenanigan*.

The inline 6 and Mercruiser IO.

## The Problem of the Hanger Queen(s)

I can always quit if I really want to. Sure, anytime when I'm really ready to. I'm just not really ready. Well, probably not. Not ready, that is.

Knowing that something like this will most likely happen is absolutely no defense against it actually happening. Yep. I've started down that long, winding, slippery slope again. I admit it. And no twelve step program is gonna make it any better. I'll bet you know somebody like this.

You see, it all started out about as innocently as something like this can start out. The best of intentions and all that. I've been looking for a replacement engine for *Old Salt*. She's the 1959 vintage Glasspar Seafair Sedan that I rather laboriously brought back from total deterioration two building seasons ago.

*Old Salt* with her way too small motors.

The Seafair at the beginning of her significant surgery.

The Seafair part way through the overhaul process.

I've gone through a series of power plants, ranging from 90hp down to 8hp. I even convinced myself that I was actually getting the boat up to planing speed with a 25hp longshaft that I "got a good deal on."

The Seafair up and hauling buckets before the 90hp "Big John" developed pulmonary problems.

The 90 was just about perfect, except he had serious COPD symptoms that turned out to just not be operable. The rest were just not what the doctor ordered either. So the search continues.

Meanwhile, *Old Salt* has become what that aviation community refers to as a Hanger Queen. Kept out of action in an "awaiting parts" condition. And, like hanger queens the world over, she has started "loaning" stuff to her more operational sisters. First it was pretty straightforward, a life jacket here, a mooring line there. Then it was the kicker motor and a couple of gas tanks. Finally, when the swing stove and all the "shipwreck stores" migrated to one or another member of the fleet, it was obvious fish or cut bait time was upon us.

Like many of us in the small boat fraternity, I rather constantly troll the Boat Porn Channel (craigslist ads). You know, for ideas. Mostly I look at the old "throw away" boats. SWMBO doesn't approve but that's no surprise to the hardcore among us, now is it? Anyhow, a couple of weeks ago this really interesting ad popped up. An 18' runabout on a surge brake equipped trailer. And the best part, a Chevy straight six coupled to a Mercruiser outdrive. Hey, the wheels started turning and then spinning completely outa control.

Like I was saying, it was all pretty innocent at the beginning. I'd just nip down and pick up this rare gem. Heck, the asking price was only about the cost of a night in a decent motel. And since all I was looking for was just the motor and underwater appurtenances, reselling the trailer should about cover the acquisition costs. And so it went. Until.

Until I started to study the hull that venerable Detroit Iron was born with. Hey, I could actually build something pretty nice on this foundation. Probably that pocket trawler cum tugboat that has been lurking in and out of my imagination for just about forever. Sure, there was that runabout style bow that I'd have to deal with and some other period piece features that any 45-year-old girl comes with. So I blabbed in print about how I was gonna "do it again." And then the inevitable happened.

I started pulling ancient upholstery vinyl from the hull interior and generally removing the usual accumulation of sand, grime and unidentifiable stuff shoved into the bilge and under the foredeck, etc. I even cut a couple test holes into the cockpit sole. The first two showed a clean bilge in my flashlight beam. The underside of the plywood wasn't really even damp. Things were looking pretty good.

So, fearless rot hunter that I am, I moved back aft to the engine space. The bilge pan under the 500lb six banger was broken and cracked. Somebody had spread RTV uck-umpucky of some sort on the cracks at some point in her past, all the better to trap moisture and speed the cancer on its nefarious way. Yep, the next several test holes showed more and then lots more of that gooey, black stuff that plywood turns to when kept wet and dark and flexed now and then. Sure, I KNEW that was a possibility, I just didn't think it would really happen this time. The single forward engine mount rested squarely on this wet graham cracker. The mounting screws came out with my thumb and forefinger.

Now I know that most of the people I pass in the WalMart parking lot don't care about these things. About the only thing in their lives anywhere near as old as these boats that "follow me home" might be an unpaid credit card balance. Sure, most people "just get a new one." But some of us march to a different drummer. You probably know somebody like that.

So I now have a boat that I never intended to keep taking up the entire boat building area of my shop. There's an engine and outdrive that I bought to go into an otherwise really cool, and otherwise rot free, boat that just might now stay with the erstwhile donor boat. What's worse, that drive train is way too heavy and long and high and OVER-POWERED for what I brought it home for in the first place.

There are about five other boats that have punch list items awaiting my attention before the coming spring thaw, all parked out of sight, out of mind. There's yet another hull that is "temporarily" sitting on the front lawn, a development completely unauthorized by SWMBO, I hasten to add. (While I try to figure out whatever the next step might be.) And here I am seriously thinking that I can save this sow's ear and turn her into the silk purse that every fairy tale princess would simply adore. Hey, there's always room for one, or more like three, more. Right?

Now, you're sure you know somebody like that and I'll bet that guy figures he can quit any time he wants to, too. Maybe I should have kept the phone number for that twelve-step program. Just in case.

**Epilogue**
**Let The Little Girl Dance…**

Probably just one of those senior moments that I'm told people of a certain age experience from time to time, but as I was twisting my cranium to wrap it around the hippocampus in a mash of logic, reflection and outright free floating emotion, a chorus from a long ago song popped on the "screen." That pre Beatles blare of a sax and the falsetto bee bop of the backup singers just blasted their way right down to the front row center of my attention. Yeah, I know, there just don't seem to be so many seats facing the stage in that particular auditorium anymore. You probably know somebody like that.

Anyhow. I've been trying to figure out what to do with this suddenly overgrown collection of once proud floaty things dotting my personal landscape. Somebody just gotta leave and make room for somebody else. Like Billy Bland used to wail, "Let the little girl dance…"

I was busy composing a "plan" that sounded sort of like: The main cabin I have in mind is about a nominal 5'x8' with round house forward. Both a forward bulwark and rounded off quarters are on the initial parameter list. However, new this time is a "plan" to rough in the basic superstructure and then worry about what goes in it and on it.

Anyway, my "golden mean" proportions will be a basic 48" cap added to the hull sides. That puts the belt line at 16" above the deck (about one-third of the total upward projection) at the forward end and "tapering up" parallel to the water line (or perhaps paralleling the sheerline if I get braver, as the side decks are sagged below the original line by a fair amount). General scantlings are 1/4" ply coach roof and roundhouse roof (with possible Lucasization with foam sheets and/or thin ply/foam sandwiches). Vertical supports of 3/4" MDO cut to a 2" width with the below the beltline wall built separately from the "cap."

That should aid in single handed installation as I really need to be able to build this on the floor and put it up in major modules. That only requires the supports to be 30" long and may not need "T" stiffeners. That way solid wood window frames can be added separately and add sectional stiffness, too. Shell "walls" should be more 1/4" ply/MDO with the "standard" *Shenanigan* cedar staves glued on top. Depending upon the camber selected, the overhead beams should start at a 6" width, and tapering down to about 1 1/2". This time I'll use a lap joint to simplicate things and probably make the joint more durable until everything gets hooked together. I'll also select a camber to dish up the beams' undersides to avoid that unseamanlike flat run I used on *Shenanigan*.

I think I'll stick with the 5º inward slope of the cabin sides and this time I have ambitions of carrying the roundhouse in an arc instead of the easier to build flat face (TBD). That probably means I'll have to put a thick sheet of Styrofoam on top of the sides and simply carve a "reasonable" shape that can be glassed over. These are too many angles and curves for a non trained, non experienced "builder" such as myself to visualize into a wooden framed "thing."

I wish the cabin could be wide enough to accommodate a three panel windshield but I'll probably have to settle for the less seamanlike appearing shallow "V". Helm station may incorporate the existing motorboat cluster for initial sea trials.

I've considered decking over the whole aft section to cover the motor and give a flat "playing surface," but the thought of adding life lines and stanchions back there makes my skin crawl a bit (too high and too playpen looking.) So that's another TBD. There IS about 16" of space on both sides of whatever a free standing motor cover might look

like. The remaining interior of the hull that gets designated "cockpit" will be relatively small in keeping the basic interior "design brief:" a) Permanent bunk. b) Space for a head or portapot. c) Standing headroom throughout the pilot house. d) A permanent (small) table. e) Minimal "galley" with swing stove and sink with drain and water supply. f) Maximum possible viz from helm station. g) Permanent towing bitts well ahead of the screw.

And all that logical stuff just melted away to the tune of a mental saxophone. Yeah. What if I just let the little girl, well, DANCE. What if? What if I let the boat show me what she wants to be, become or even return to? Couldn't be all bad. After all, history is replete with really smart guys doing something really dumb for somebody else's "best interests." You know, like "we had to kill them to save them for democracy…" kind of REALLY DUMB. And this is just an exercise in figuring out what to do with a few fiberglass creations that just about anybody else would have called somebody up and hired them to haul away to someplace else. Long ago. Nothing world shaking except when you ask the boats in question. They kinda have a big stake in the discussion.

You DO talk to your boats, now don't you? Heck, if you can talk to a hammer as it smashes your thumb instead of that 16d galvanized you can certainly allow for a bit of quality time with your boat now, can't you?

Soooooooo, I'm gonna let the little girl dance. We're gonna fix her floor and remake her motor mounts and probably spruce things up a bit. Certainly we couldn't take her out in public without a new paint job and a proper rub strake now, could we? Then, about when the rest of the country is thinking about planting perennials and we denizens of 48Nx117W are starting to see a little dead grass between the snow berms, we'll go launch and just see what she wants to be.

"Let the little girl through… She wants to pass by yooooooooo…"

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**Eight Days, Three Lakes**
**10-17 September 2014**

Think of it as a raid, with the option of sleeping in your camper. A messabout, with a changing set of scenery. A race in which everybody finishes a winner. A cruise with no empty trailer shuttling. A wilderness adventure, with close access to the freeway. Like that.

Somehow the interior Pacific Northwest has been kinda passed on by when it comes to organized small boat events. "Ringed" by places the likes of Lake Pepin, Eufaula, Havasu, South Texas and Puget Sound to name a few (where regular events of national importance are held), North Idaho and Eastern Washington offer some pretty spectacular messabout locations. This event will offer just a sampling. We'll start in the mountains of North Idaho and end up in the rolling prairies of Eastern Washington.

There should be locations and general conditions just about right for just about any kind of small craft you might want to bring along. This plan includes open fetches and sheltered meandering channels. Bring it with you beach camping sites and paved RV pads. High mountains and tall timber and scab lands fresh from the last Ice Age.

I hope to see you next September.

Dan Rogers, DanAshore@conceptcable.com

## Moveable Messabout Update

What I mean to tell you about is an idea for fun on the water with admittedly toned down heroics. Maybe even balmy temps in the 70s or 80s. No crowds. Maybe no people at all. You've got a year to plan for this one.

**The Schedule**

Wednesday, 10 September 2014: Meet and launch at Priest Lake (North Idaho) either Blue Diamond Resort or a public ramp on the west side of the lake near Priest Lake Marina (depending upon numbers). Overnight beach camp on Bartoo Island.

Thursday, 11 September 2014: Group transit to north end of Priest Lake with options of continuing to Upper Priest via the thoroughfare. Beach camping overnight.

Friday, 12 September 2014: Group RDV and transit back to origin (collecting anyone along the way who may have settled their own private "homestead" for either of the two nights on Priest Lake). Recover boats and drive to Park Service campground at Hunters, Washington (NW of Spokane). This route includes the towns of Priest River, Idaho; Newport, Washington; and access to/from Highway 2. Enroute RDV possible. Overnight at developed campground.

Saturday, 13 September 2014: In and about Hunters area. Beach camp at preselected or spontaneous site(s) or overnight at developed campground.

Sunday, 14 September 2014: Recover boats and drive to Porcupine Bay campground. Gas and some other supplies are available along this route at the Two Rivers Casino complex. Overnight at developed campground at Porcupine Bay.

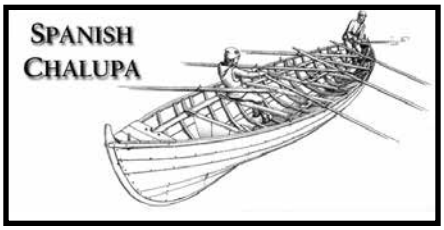
Monday, 15 September 2014: Group transit to head of navigation on Spokane River, and return to Porcupine Bay campground. (There are beach camping sites along this route on the Reservation side of the channel if desired and can be used with advance permission from the Tribal authorities).

Tuesday, 15 September 2014: Recover boats and drive to Davenport, Washington. Brunch, and access to Highway 2 as needed. Continue to Sprague Lake Resort. Launch and overnight in on lawn RV sites. (Availability of alternative overnight beach camping sites on Sprague Lake yet TBD.)

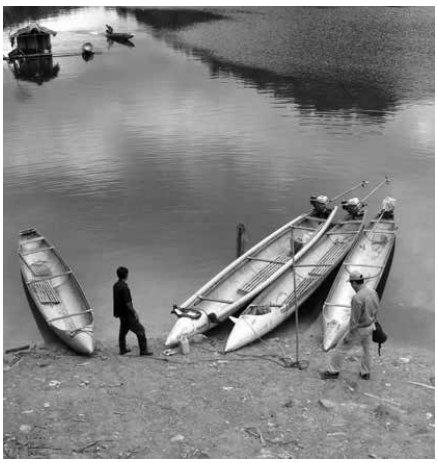
Wednesday, 16 September 2014: Final messabout at Sprague Lake Resort and access to I-90.

**Chalupa Project in St Augustine**

The St Augustine (Florida) Maritime Heritage Foundation is raising funds to support its Chalupa construction project (16th century Spanish longboat) and other maritime educational programs. For further information contact Maury Keiser at maurykeiser@bellsouth.net or (904) 797-1508.




I don't think these are Chalupa's or Chilotas but they look like fine boats. Chip Hayward sent these to me, this is what happens to drop tanks after they get dropped in the jungle.



**About the Shrimp Industry**

Here's a book about the shrimp boat industry in St Augustine by Ed Long and Brendan Burke. I don't know Ed but Brendan's in with the St Augustine boat builders at that Lighthouse place. So what's the big deal about this book? Here's something Brendan sent me. DESCO stands for Diesel Engine Supply Company and how could they or anyone build this many big wooden trawlers in 15 years, that's more than one boat a week and they're all hand built.

"DESCO produced 2,275 wooden trawlers, most of them were 72' and 100GT. I just published a book, along with Ed Long, a homeboy from St Augustine who worked in the trawler industry his whole life (well, not all of it yet) The tome covers the buildup of the shrimp fishing industry and then the switch to building trawlers.

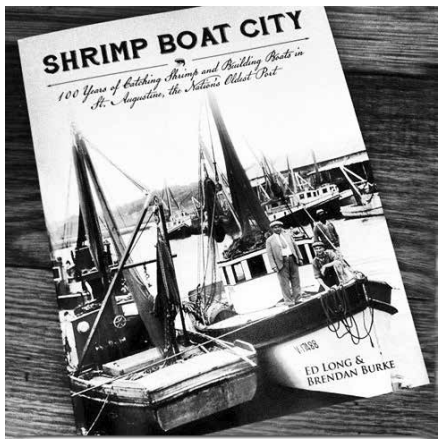
Watch this video and you'll see how they did it in the old days, are the '50s the old days?

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=trOdrpjGXXM

# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

## Autumn at the Tiki Hut




**New Boat Shop and Boat**

This old guy's name is Brooke and he's really only 30 but he lives in Alaska so he weathers fast. What he's building here is one of the frames for his new boat shop. I thought they said that the summers there were full of black flies and mosquitoes. I suppose it's got to withstand substantial snow loads, whatever that is, something like frozen water, I think, us Florida boys wouldn't know.

Here's the cabin top for his boat, more snow load?

And here's the boat, he calls it *Fred*. I notice that it looks a lot like a cross between his shop and a landing craft or maybe that bow is so he can slide up on the ice. Richard Honan needs one of these for his ice rowboat races. The more you look at this boat the more practical it seems for a small boat in the frigid waters of Alaska. It's probably really cozy inside. For all of you sprit rigged snotter sailors, look closely at this lugsail. It's so much more friendlier. It still has two sticks but it can be adjusted and raised and lowered from the cockpit. I wonder how long his sailing season is, we know that Washington Dan's season in "Almost Canada" is only a month or so. Alaska has gotta be worse.

**Winter's Coming in Yankee Land**

Speaking of Richard Honan, here he is starting on his Cortez melonseed. Winter's coming along in Yankee land so it's time to go inside until he breaks out his ice rowboat. See all of these neat frame looking things, they aren't part of the boat. Only the stem and transom stays, all the rest is there to form the shape of the hull as he strip planks it. These forms can be used to make lots more hulls and. since Richard is a professional perfectionist. his would be a good one to borrow if you wanted to build this boat.

**Cheap, Crappy Little Boat**

Steve and Michael don't need instruction about building cheap, crappy little boats, this one cost them $7, paddles and all. They also know how to build giant Civil War scows.

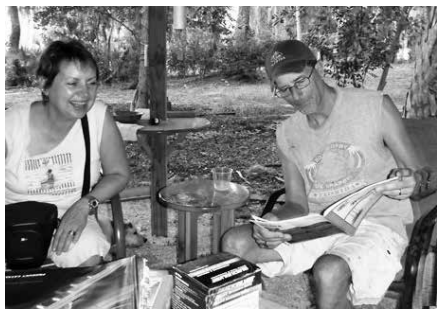
**Sandy's Little Tug**

I took *Helen Marie* out of the water and needed something to replace it with, so here's Sandy's little tug. This is the biggest 18' boat you've ever seen, diesel power with a giant prop. She looks really good sitting next to the dock.

And here's how we got it to the dock, towed behind *Chelsea* for three miles at 2mph because that same dependable Yanmar overheated due to a rotten water pump impeller. But since we're experienced boat guys this little delay didn't even faze us. Sandy just dropped the anchor, I called Steve to come get us and he didn't even question it, just jumped in the good old Briggs and Stratton powered Whitehall and came for us. If you've been around boats for more than about a week this kind of thing qualifies as SOS, Same Old Shit. The only tragedy is that Steve didn't bring any beer when he came to rescue us.

**Reading About Themselves**

Lenna and Steve reading an article in this months *Messing About in Boats* about how he's a useless slug who spends his time sitting in front of his fan swilling vodka, which he doesn't deny. Some of the rest of you have been similarly praised by me, quite an honor I hear. Steve's actually an indispensable part of the Boatworks, he's the only one around here under 60 and still has the use of all of his limbs. That comes in handy at times.



**Jim's Making Progress**

Jim is still making progress on his boat. Here's Helen inspecting the small cabin. Jim is in no hurry to finish, he'll just have to start another one so what's the rush.

**Windows In and Roof Next**

I told you about the old boat we got for Howard to have a new project. He was going to pull the power train out and make a mahogany old timey looking runabout. Well, after we pressure washed the ten years of grime and mold off of the hull it looked pretty good so he decided to turn it into one of these.

Here's some pictures Lenna took after he's removed the deck, cabin structure and most everything out of the inside. This is a great example of what I always tell you about finding an old fiberglass hull to use when you want to build a boat but don't know exactly how to start on the hull. You just have to find the right kind of old boat and, believe me, they're all over the place. Just go on craigslist and look for boat trailers and you'll find listings like, "Boat Trailer, $200, comes with free boat."

Here's the engine ready to get pulled out for inspection and overhaul where needed. It's parked right under a big beam.

All of what you see here is gone now. It helps if you have a trailer parked next to the free boat to throw all of the insides into. It's taken two trips to the dump to strip this boat. We'll modify the sheer line, do some artistic curves and such and presto chango, a new boat to get pushed out into the woods with the rest of them.

Howard going through some parts catalogs to see what he needs. You'd be shocked to see how bad he looks at the end of the day, dirt and grease all over him, dried blood everywhere (us old guys bleed easily) and more moaning and groaning than you ever heard. You'd think that being 76 was a hardship, what a wuss.

**Another Recycled Hull**

Here's another example of a recycled hull. This was a really ratty old 15' sailboat that Steve got cheap and is going to make into a melonseed. He'll use the same rig as our Cortez boats. This hull may be a little faster than ours in strong winds because it'll plane.

Here it is from the front, good looking hull, isn't it? It had a liner with the molded in seats and deck that was all cracked and beat up. A little paint and it'll be a beauty.

**A Fast Kayak to Play With**

This was this old half rotten kayak on the rack that was ready for the burn pile. Stan made it a long time ago and none of us would use it because of the small cockpit and tiny leg room inside. We long legged guys couldn't put our knees up in the cockpit so when we got cramped all we could do was roll out of it into the water, not very graceful and you know how we like to look graceful at all times. Well, one of our favorite girls came by with a nice almost new barbeque grill for us and fell in love with the old boat so we did a little work on it for her to have a fast kayak to play with. Bring us food or booze and you're in for life around here and Tracy did both.

**MASCF**

This photo is from pictures that Barry Long took at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St Michaels, Maryland, early in October. The guys and I had planned on going but then my hip fell apart and I wouldn't let them go without me. For a look at a lot more of Barry's work go to www.eyeinhand.com.


**Sandpiper Mods**

Texas Jim Rester finished his modifications of this little Marshall catboat, a Sandpiper I think. He had them put on their custom tabernacle for the mast. This is the boat he stole from some little old lady, sure wish I'd known about it.


**Better Care**

Some people take better of their boats than I do. Here's good ol *Sweet Pea*, the Fenwick Williams 18' catboat that Judy Blue Eyes got from us. Her idea of a proper finish and mine are vastly different. I don't think it's house paint making this blue hull reflect like this. This one is getting prepped for a wooden show up there someplace.

**Scallop Boat**

The Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez has a little boat called a Scallop Boat and here's a picture of Marinell's granddaughter sitting in it. I think these little boats were really used for pulling behind when wading to put the catch in. Marinell is another feisty babe that we don't want to mess with.

**Rendering for a Fishing Boat.**

We've got a kid who comes around when he needs something (is there any other kind?) who loves to fish in small places. He goes out in kayaks but would really love something he could stand up in. He asked if we would possibly have an old Sunfish hull laying around out in the woods and, of course, I did. I had a 1974 hull in perfect shape. This should be a good place for him to start. All you have to do is pique my interest and I'm fully onboard to go for it.

# *Rosie Parks* to Launch at OysterFest

**Reprinted from *The Chesapeake Log***
**Journal of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, cgmm.org**

*by Dick Cooper*

"We have spent a lot of time paying attention to the original builder's style, his technique, and his intentions. I think the Museum can hold its head high because of the standards we have adhered to."

*– Chief Curator Pete Lesher*

*Rosie Parks* looks ready. She exudes energy. Her freshly-painted white hull is crisp, sharply angled and poised to plunge. Her expertly carved trailboards proudly state her name. She's been perched on land too long, only feet from her home in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. But land is not where she belongs. The fastest, most productive and prettiest member of the Bay's Oyster Fleet wants to spread her white wings and fly.

And she will on the 4pm high tide **November 2 during OysterFest** at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.

The *Rosie*, as she is affectionately known, has touched the lives of hundreds who have helped bring her back from a rotten hulk to her rightful place as the pride of the Bay. Not only is she an icon of the Chesapeake, she has become a rallying point for the resurgence of the Museum and its Boat Shop, which were hit hard during the economic recession.

Museum President Langley Shook says the restoration of the skipjack—built 58 years ago in southern Dorchester County by legendary boatbuilder Bronza Parks for his equally well-known oysterman brother, Captain Orville, and named for their mother—*Rosie* has helped to galvanize the reputation of the Museum and energize its staff.

"Approaching the end of the three-year project, unquestionably it was the right decision," Shook says.

"Not only because we end up with a rare, faithfully-restored skipjack, one of a very few still around, but it also raised our visibility and drew a lot of attention and visitors to the Museum and it was a key in revitalizing activities in our Boat Shop."

The *Rosie* has been an important part of the Museum's floating fleet since she was purchased from Orville Parks in 1975 when he retired after almost seven decades of working the water. The late Captain Parks, who was named "Admiral of the Chesapeake" by then Gov. J. Millard Tawes, was known around the Bay for keeping a well-maintained vessel that always made money for her dedicated crew.

But years of deferred maintenance and depleted Museum resources led to her decline. Staffers kept regular watch on her pumps to make sure she did not sink at the dock. At one point, loblolly seedlings began sprouting from her decaying decks. Museum Curator Pete Lesher remembers that the *Rosie* had become an embarrassment to the Museum and a sore point with the extended families of both Bronza and Orville Parks. When she was finally hauled out of the water over five years ago, it was discovered that her bottom planks had been held in place by water pressure. They quickly began falling off.

"We bought *Rosie* in 1975 because she was the most reputable skipjack on the Bay," Lesher says. "She was a profitable boat and she won skipjack races. And she was only a 20-year-old boat. By the time we started this project she was almost a 50-year-old boat. Any other skipjack of that age survives only with substantial work. *Rosie* had really never gotten that. We did bits and pieces and frankly, we put it off too long."

Opposite page:
(top) The *Rosie Parks* under full sail circa 1980s.

(bottom) An overhead view of the *Rosie Parks* Restoration Project over the last three years.

(top row, from left) Fall, 2010. Spring, 2011. Fall, 2011. (bottom row, from left) Spring, 2012. Fall, 2012. Summer, 2013.

Facing page:
The *Rosie* as she was hauled out of the Miles River in early 2000.

Shook says Museum Board members debated whether to rebuild her or cut her up and ship her off to a landfill. The preservationists won out, but it was a close call.

In November, 2010, Museum Chair of the Board Joe Peters stood on the balcony of the Hooper Strait Lighthouse surrounded by members of Bronza and Orville Parks' families and announced that generous donations from Museum supporters made it possible to rebuild the *Rosie*.

The assembled crowd cheered, but when they surveyed the old skipjack in the boatyard with her sagging decks and brittle planking held together with rusted nails, more than a few were skeptical about the future.

But since then, Richard Scofield, Assistant Curator for Watercraft, says 10,602 board-feet (more than two miles) of fir, pine, and white oak have been fastened to *Rosie's* ribs. Nine Boat Shop apprentices, numerous members of the Parks family and everyday visitors to the Museum have worked to bring new life to *Rosie*. By the end of May, Museum volunteers put in 2,364 hours and 35 minutes of their time on the project.

Children from around the region, from preschoolers to high school students, have learned about the history of skipjacks with *Rosie* as the centerpiece. They have caulked seams, used hand tools and experienced the feel of shaping wood. "We had every seventh-grader in Talbot County come through the Oyster Legacy program that has a segment on *Rosie*," Scofield says. "We've had summer camp groups come through the same program." He says local teens are putting in their community service time working on the restoration.

The Museum Board discussed rebuilding *Rosie* to meet Coast Guard regulations for passenger vessels that would have allowed her to be used to take more visitors out on the water. But they decided in the end to stick as close to Bronza Parks' original design, making the *Rosie* one of the few unaltered skipjacks still in operation.

Even the wood used came from local forests and was cut either at the Paul M. Jones Lumber Company in Snow Hill or at the Tuckahoe Saw Mill outside of Ridgely on a saw that dates to the late 1800s.

Project Manager Mark Donohue says his crew is working on the final stages by readying the spars, installing hardware and getting the bottom planks fitted. The project is on time and under budget.

"We have spent a lot of time paying attention to the original builder's style, his technique and his intentions," Lesher says. "I think the Museum can hold its head high because of the standards we have adhered to."

"We started this when the Museum was in a slump," he says. "The institution was at a low point. We had reduced staff, cut back on programs and here was this boat that was in terrible condition sitting up on the hard. The decision to tackle this project allowed it to become emblematic of the revival of the Museum. It was an inspirational decision for the staff. We could raise this money and we could take on a project of this magnitude."

"As a Museum about Chesapeake history and culture, we preserve things, but in the end, this is not just about boats, it is about all the stories about people that go along with it. Both the stories of the past and those we are making as we go along. There are serendipitous things we learn as we go through a major project like this. People come out of the woodwork and say, 'I remember when,' and 'This reminds me of.'"

Lesher says the Museum could have pursued the history of the *Rosie Parks* and the life stories of the famous Parks brothers just as a folklore story.

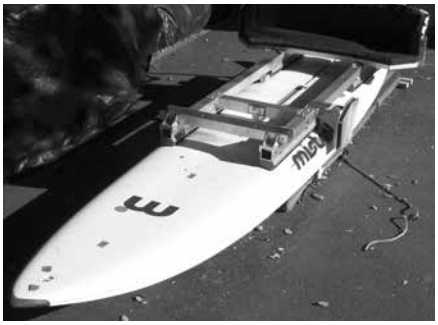
"But the truth of the matter is that we would have never gotten all this information without the physical project. You couldn't justify the restoration without all of this rich context, but you would never have this rich context without the restoration. It is all of a package."

Shook says the success of the *Rosie Parks* project has invigorated Museum staffers to the point where they are beginning to look to the future and talk about what the next major project will be in the Boat Shop.

"We will always proudly maintain and display *Rosie* as one of the most important, most recognized and best remembered vessels in our fleet," he says. Everyone involved in rebuilding the *Rosie* marvels at the success of the biggest unintended consequence of the project, the reconnection of the scattered Parks family members who have found long-lost relatives and used OysterFest as a grand family reunion. Several have volunteered their time, made financial donations, and presented the Museum with artifacts and historic family photos.

"When CBMM announced that the *Rosie Parks* would be restored, there was an immediate spark in Parks family interest," Bronza's daughter, Mary Parks Harding says.

"One of Dad's grandchildren said that she felt the legacy of her grandfather had been brought to life again and that she was so thankful for all the Museum is doing to retell his story. Another grandchild said the Museum taught her about a legacy she never realized was so great. This event is no longer just a boat restoration. It's a family restoration."



Seat base in place.

Akas added, amas not yet fitted.

Amas fitted along with port mast.

Setup ready for sea trials.

# Renegade Part 4
# Details, Details

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net

Wood and I don't usually get along very well, so I was fortunate to have some metal-working equipment to use and did a design that was mostly metal and plastic with just a few pieces of wood. I decided to use a lot of 1/8" wall aluminum square tubing, which is relatively light and stiff in bending and twisting, on the assumption that the wind and wave action was going to tweak things around quite a bit and the forces, especially on the mast bases, were going to be significant. The location of the masts out on the forward akas pretty much guaranteed some long lever arms that were going to test both strength and rigidity.

The good news about square tubing is that it's easy to get and easy to mount things to, and the bad news is that it can easily add up to being somewhat heavy and the sharp square edges can be rough on the arms and legs when clambering around over it. I resolved to design a nice padded seat that allowed me to move comfortably some distance side to side, kept me facing forward and gave me easy access to the tiller. The tiller shape would resemble a section of a steering wheel. The aluminum tubing for the seat would be 1" with .065" wall to save weight.

I'm also lucky to have an experienced welder friend, Eddie Irlanda, who was willing to attach aluminum parts together for me for reasonable amounts of cash. I usually brought along some hardware to help with fixing the pieces in p lace and provided hints and hand waving as to the desired strength of the welds. One of the rules of welding is that nothing comes out exactly straight or flat after so much heat is applied to it, so there was usually some fitting (read bad language and a large hammer) to be done after the welding. Once in a long while something had to be machined flat again, etc. Gradually parts began piling up.

One of the theories of the design was to make each of the major sections of the boat pretty light (less than 45lbs) so I could pack them around without the need for major athletic ability and put them in or on top of my pickup truck. It would mean that I wouldn't need a trailer, trailer insurance, trailer registration, room for a trailer in my back yard, trailer maintenance or territorial discussions with my wife, but it would also require me to put the assembly together and take it back apart at the end of the day. And with three hulls and two sail assemblies, there would be a fair number of parts. Hopefully I could design easy fastening systems so that would only take a few minutes. And I don't mind a little extra time spent puttering around in a pretty spot putting puzzle pieces together. I just saw a video of some guys setting up a trimaran with a two mast yawl rig that included a jib, so my boat is not the worst case for component count. Gradually the pile of parts began to look like a boat.

The last piece of the puzzle was the rigging. A trip to West Marine and a somewhat shocking amount of money later, I had some line and fittings to install. The sheet went from the tip of the frame extension through a block at the middle of the boom, then through a couple of pulleys to the frame cross piece and up to the sailor's hand, producing the same pulley count and 2:1 reduction that's found on lots of small sailboats. It seemed to work quite well until I realized that unless I was really, REALLY, vigilant about taking up any slack, the line hanging from the boom connector could easily droop and tangle in the tiller mechanism or perhaps around my head. Since a lot of my experimental boats had used solid rod control for the mainsheet, I was not well versed in rigging issues and had not seen this coming. Yikes, was this a killer flaw? I sat down, leaned against the garage door and stared at the boat for a long time.

After running through every possible way to re-rig the design and seeing major problems with each one, finally a different idea came forward. How about attaching an elastic cord somewhere that pulled on the sheet and kept the slack out of it, but didn't pull so hard that it made sheeting in difficult? For the better part of an afternoon I tied different types of shock cord and surgical tubing to various places on the mainsheet, frame and hull and finally got a good combination with light bungee cord material tied to the bow fitting and back to the sheet where it passed under the seat. It worked great, in all positions of the sails the sheet stayed straight with no sagging from boom to rear frame extension and no problems with tangling. I breathed a huge sigh of relief, had a ceremonial cold beer and gave thanks to the boat gods.

At last the boat was ready to go in the water. Being a believer in gradually ramping up the testing, I started watching the forecasts to find a day with low wind to try things out. More next time.

# A Paper

Last summer I decided to build a boat. I had taken wood shop at thelocal boat shop next to my high school, so I got together with Dan Sutherland of North River Boatworks here in Albany, and Dave Kavner of Pisces Paddles, to come up with a lightweight design to build.

Dan and Dave suggested it be a paper canoe, having read back in a July, 1986 issue of "Boats" a reprint article from a 1913 issue of "Boys' Mechanics" on building a paper boat. And now in "Boats" a serial was running on Nathaniel Bishop's travels in his paper canoe, built right nearby in Troy, NY. We decided to build three of the boats; a prototype for Dan, an improved version for Dave, and when all the wrinkles were worked out (literally), a third and final version for me.

Dan and I then lofted a 10'6"x27.5" canoe hull. This taught me the way this initial step in traditional boat building was done. We designed in very little rocker, since the short length we chose for a boat that would be easy to store, easy to carry, and would fit into a station wagon, would not provide very good tracking in a straight line, an uncommon trait for any boat under 14' in length.

Once we had our design we then needed to figure out how to construct the framework upon which we were going to stretch the paper. This was difficult as we had only our own design to work from, the last production of paper canoes was close to 100 years ago.

The boats were to be built in a semi-production method by making up enough piece parts for all three boats. The first actual construction was to lay up the keel and fasten the stems to it with knees. We then installed two permanent bulkheads two feet from each end of the boat and one temporary building mold in the center of the boat. Each of these bulkheads and the stems were notched for 5/8" stringers. To set up the proper shape for the hull we placed two stringers at a time on each side of the hull in one third increments.

To make the inwales we drilled holes every four inches down a length of stock two inwales in width, then split this down the center to give us individual inwales with the rib notches every four inches. The inwales were then fitted into bulkhead notches as we did with the stringers. The entire assembly was then epoxy glued together.

Left from top: Frame in foreround before fitting ribs, ribbed out boat in background. The first finished boat. Varnishing first coat of paper.

We were now ready for ribbing. We used the Rushton rib style and steam bent the ribs across the top of the keel around the outside of the stringers. The bent ribs were then laid into the notched inwales and tacked into place at the keel and inwales. Lastly, we fitted the decks, and now had a completed structure upon which to lay the paper.

Dave undertook to find paper suitable for a paper canoe. By happenstance, he located the Manning Division of Lydall, Inc., which firm once owned the original paper boat company. Dan and I visited them and met Craig Updike, who took an interest in the project and donated enough of the original type hemp based paper for all three boats.

We had no idea on how to spread the paper over the framework of the hull. Our first try was to cover one side of the boat from end to end. We rolled up the paper, dipped it in water and then unrolled it over the hull framework, tacking it to the keel, inwales, and stems. Overnight the paper dried and shrank some, stretching out 80% of the wrinkles. We varnished over it and then repeated the process twice more. After the third layer was on, there were still some wrinkles. However, as it was the prototype, we went ahead and installed the gunwales and finished painting it.

On the seond boat we tried laying three foot sections of paper across the hull framework. The problem that arose here was that the paper didn't shrink tight. So, we were back to the first method. Meanwhile, Dan had met Walter Fullam, a paper canoe fanatic, at the Wooden Boat Show. He gave Dan some useful advice on putting the paper down. The first layer was put on with wallpaper paste and dry paper, making it easy to spread out the wrinkles as we laid the paper. But, any remaining wrinkles after this would not shrink out.

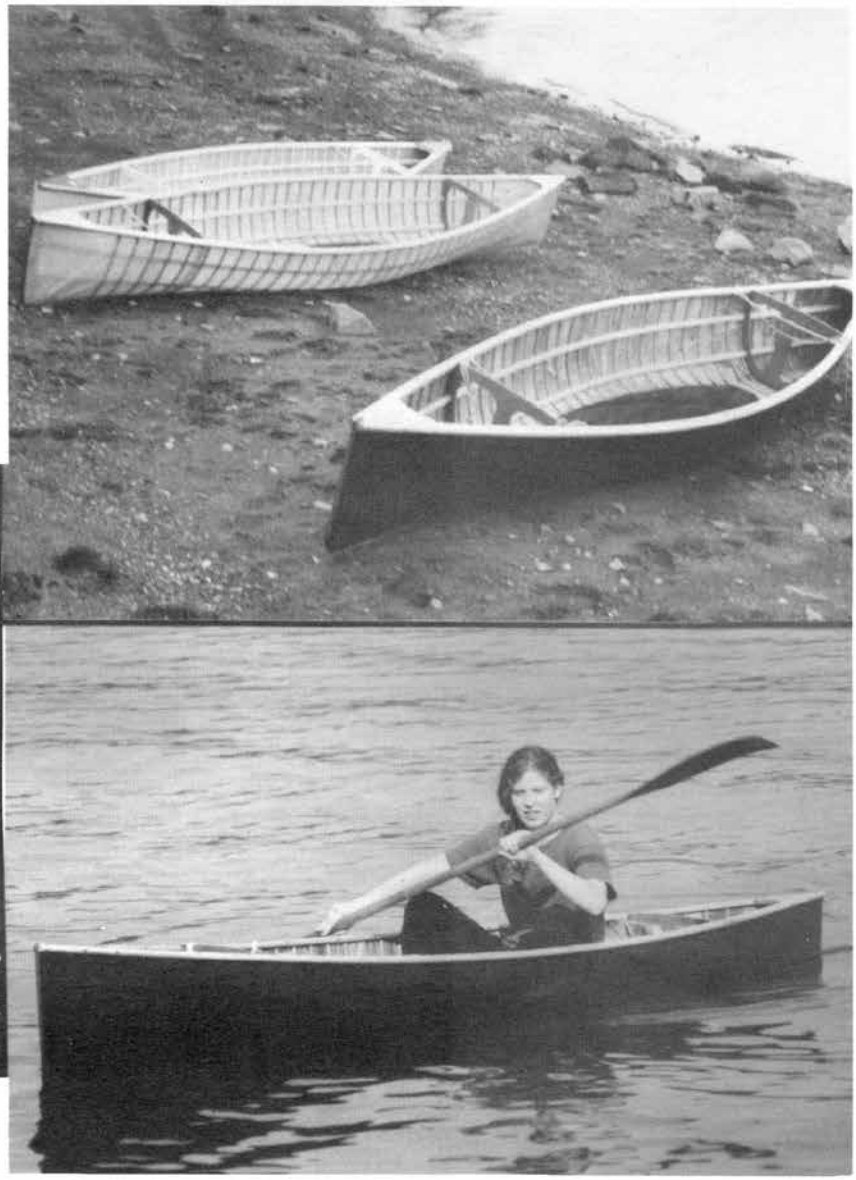
So, we came to my boat, the last one. The first layer of paper went on with no wrinkles at all. We did the next two layers in the same fashion, producing the fewest wrinkles of any of the three tries. After mine was "papered", we completed it out and then painted all three, installed floorboards and did final finishing touches.

Now it was time for trying them out on the water. We took all three boats to a beach on the Hudson River, with two single blade paddles and one double paddle. The boats tracked as we'd wanted, were surprisingly fast, and very stable after one got used to the sensations a tiny boat provides about stability.

Dan has since taken his paper canoe on a week-long trip in the Adirondacks. He encountered many rocks and logs in the rivers, causing only small scuffs in the outer layer of paper. I, however, in playing around in my boat, swamped it in shallow water, landing on a large rock which punctured a hole in the bottom. But we easily repaired it by gluing two small patches over the holes, fairing them in and repainting. It looked like new again.

All three boats have been used a lot, and I have taken great pleasure in building, owning and using my own personal boat.

Report & Photos by Angela Cross.



Above: Nice lines on the beach. Right from top: The "fleet" at rest. Messing about in my own creation.

## 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*

# Making a Sprit Rig

## Rigging and Tuning the Sprit Sail

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
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### The Snotter

The little tackle that makes the sprit rig work is called a snotter. The name is not pretty, but what it lacks in sweetness, the tackle makes up for in what it is able to do. There are many different styles of snotter, but I prefer the one shown in the accompanying diagram. It is easy to fabricate and rig and incorporates some features that make it particularly appealing. It provides a two-to-one mechanical advantage for helping tension the sail and the tension is applied in a downward direction so there is no chance of inadvertently unshipping the mast from the step.

To make this snotter, start with a length of 1/4" diameter, 3-strand Dacron line and make an eye splice. Put a thimble in the eye and squeeze it up against the splice with a seizing of twine on the opposite side. To rig, just pass the eye around the mast above the thumb cleat, then pass the tail through the eye and cinch the loop tight around the mast.

Now pass the tail through the slot in the sprit heel, then back up through the thimble. To tension the tackle pull down on the tail and secure it by cinching the tail in the slot. Tying a stopper knot in the end of the tail keeps it from pulling through the thimble, thus forming a sling for keeping the sprit captive when the rig is not under tension.

### The Halyard

Since the sprit rig (particularly in the smaller sizes) is often left hoisted on the mast, with the whole rig stowed by simply furling and lashing the sprit and sail against the mast, there is not really much need for a halyard. The exception is when the sail has a reefing arrangement for reducing sail area for brisk wind conditions. This requires lowering the sail to tie in the reefs, then re-hoisting it in its shortened configuration. A halyard makes this much easier. Also, stretching the luff with tension on the halyard produces better sail shape.

Note: Combine the halyard and downhaul into one line by simply making the halyard long enough to loop back up and tie into the throat grommet. That way, when hoisting the sail the downhaul goes up, and when hauling down the sail the halyard goes up, leaving no line to coil or get in the way. Just make the line long enough so it can be tied off to the halyard cleat.

### Sail Lacing

One would think that simply running a length of line in a spiral through the grommets and around the mast would be a good way to tie a sail to the mast, but, in reality, that system tends to bind and hang up when the sail is raised or lowered. A much better way, that never binds, is to lash the sail with a back and forth, forth and back pattern.

### Throat Parrel

Because the tension of the sprit tends to pull the throat of the sail away from the mast, adversely affecting the shape of the sail, the throat needs a parrel or loop of line to keep it from standing off too far. This should be just slack enough to easily ride up and down the mast when hoisting and lowering the sail.

### Tack Tier Down

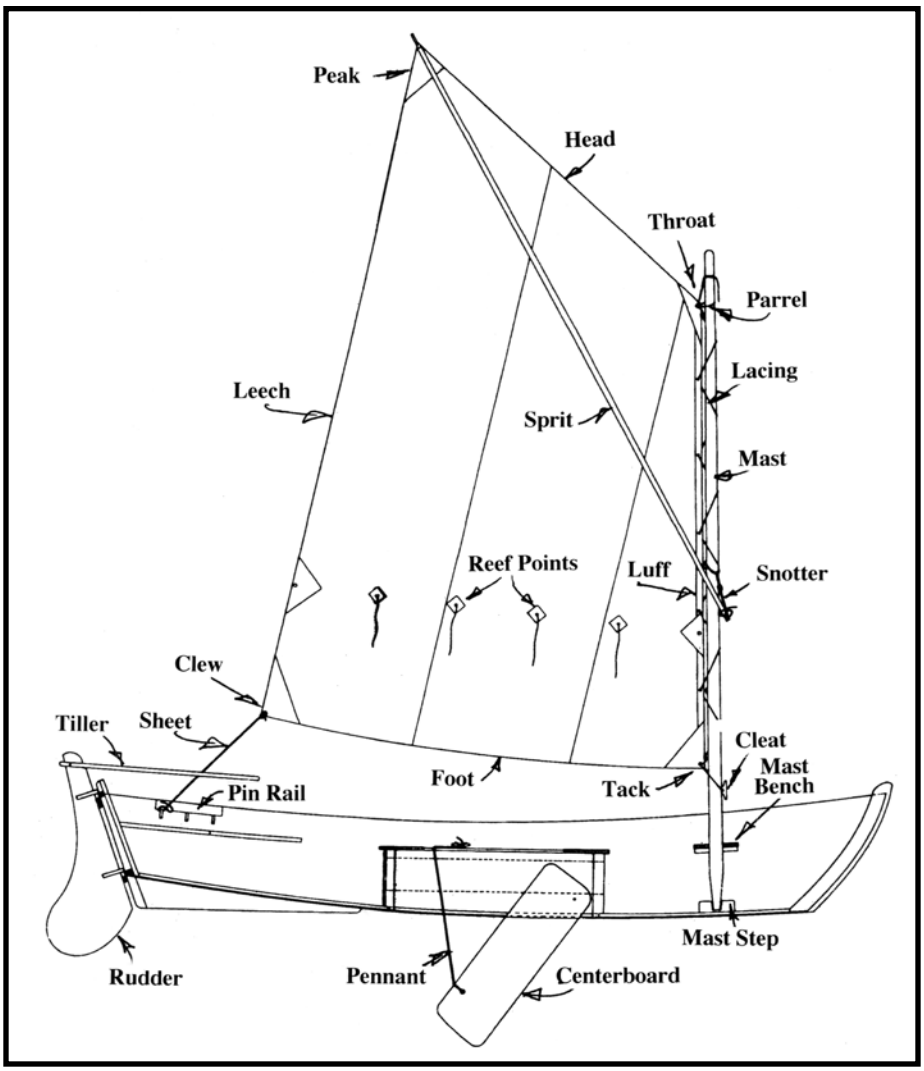
The tack (lower forward corner of the sail) needs to be securely tied down. This is done with a short piece of line looped around, or tied to, the halyard cleat

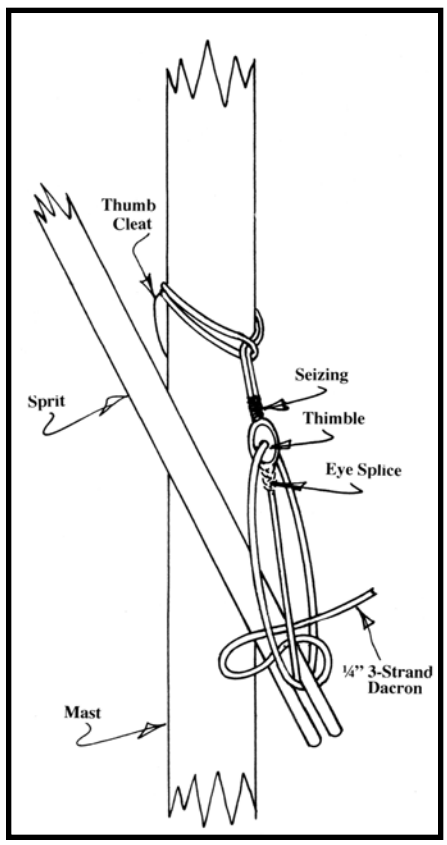
### Sheet

The sheet is the line used to trim the sail from side to side. For smaller sprit rigs, a single length of braided line is all that is needed. I like a fairly large diameter rope (1/2" or 5/8") because it is easier on the hands.

In loose footed (boomless) rigs, the fore and aft belaying point of the sheet is important because it can greatly affect the efficiency of the sail. Theoretically, to find the location of that point simply bisect the angle of the clew (lower aft corner of sail) and follow that line to the profile of the boat. In reality, however, this isn't necessarily correct because the ideal location is the one that puts about equal tension on the foot and the leech.

This point can be found by moving the sheet fore and aft until the sail sets best when close hauled (sailing at an angle into the wind). However, when sailing downwind, the ideal sheeting position moves forward. To accommodate this range install a pin rail with a series of half pins, projecting downward so



they are out of the way, spaced to allow different sheeting points.

The sheet simply makes a turn around the pin and is led to the helmsman. For many smaller boats the best that can be done is to sheet to a point at the far aft corner. Often this is just a half pin underneath the quarter knee, but for this kind of boat that is close enough and it probably won't significantly affect performance.

Note: A simple way to belay the sheet is to take a turn around a half pin and wedge a loop behind the sheet where it crosses the inwale. The tension on the sheet will hold it, and a light tug on the sheet instantly frees it.

### Traveler

One of the objections to a sheet running directly to the sail is that it must be transferred from side to side each time the boat comes about. In situations when making many short tacks this can be annoying, but the problem can be solved with the installation of a traveler. This can be as simple as a line tied across the sheer near the transom. The sheet is led under this to the helmsman and when the boat comes about, the sheet slides from side to side along the rope traveler.

### Mechanical Advantage

For larger sails, some mechanical advantage might be desired to take some of the work out of handling the sail. One simple way to do this is by securing the sheet to the stern corner (or the position found to be the ideal location). Lead the sheet through the clew grommet, or a block at the clew, then through a block fastened to the other stern corner, then to the sail handler.

### Boom

Another solution to the sheeting problem is a boom. With a boom the sheet need not be led to any particular point and a block attached to the boom gives a 2:1 mechanical advantage. A big advantage of a boomed spritsail is that it reduces much of the twist common with loose-footed sails by allowing the foot to be set more in line with the head. The disadvantage is there is another spar to handle and it makes reducing sail and bundling the rig much harder.

### Brail

A brail is a particularly handy accessory for a spritsail. It allows the rig to be quickly and easily furled for sudden squalls, when coming to a mooring or when the wind dies and the boat needs to be temporarily cleared for rowing. The brail is made up of a length of 1/8" diameter line fastened to the throat grommet of the sail on one side, then passed through a grommet sewn to the leech.

The distance of this grommet from the peak is equal to the length of the head of the sail. From the leech grommet the line goes around the sail and back to the throat and through another grommet there, capturing the sail and the sprit in its loop. The line is led down the sail through a couple of cloth loops sewn in the luff, to the halyard cleat, or can be led aft to the helm for easy access.

Note: The snotter may have to be slackened a little for the brail to work best.

### Tuning and Handling the Sprit Sail

It would be hard to come up with any simpler or more low-tech rig than the sprit. Tuning it for best performance involves only a couple of adjustments and sailing requires attention to only two controls, the tiller and the sheet. To set it up just put the mast through the hole in the mast bench and into the mast step. Tension the sprit, grab the sheet and tiller and that is it, except for some minor fine tuning.

Note: For safety, and to facilitate frequent adjustments, control lines (snotter and brail) can be led through turning blocks to the helm position.

### Adjusting Draft

The efficiency of a sail is determined by its draft, or fullness. Generally, for stronger winds and sailing close hauled (angled into the wind) the sail needs to be flattened, and for lighter winds or sailing downwind, a fuller belly is desirable. Adjustments should be made whenever the point of sail or wind strength changes or whenever wrinkles in the sail indicate a tension adjustment is called for.

Peak up the sprit by tensioning the snotter when close hauled or, for stronger winds. Ease off the tension when sailing off the wind or in calmer winds. As a rule, when the sail shows wrinkles from peak to tack there is too much snotter tension, so ease off until the wrinkles just disappear. If the sail shows wrinkles from throat to clew or looks baggy, peak up the sprit by tensioning the snotter. The ideal tension is as much as can be applied without wrinkles appearing.

### Furling

To furl a sprit sail, slack off the snotter, unship the sprit from the snotter, pull the sprit away from the mast until it parallels it at sail distance, then simply roll it and the sail up to the mast and lash up with the sheet. With the sprit rolled up in the sail it will never blow loose and it makes a tidy bundle that can be neatly stowed in the boat.

Note: It's a good idea to lash the sail's peak grommet in position on the sprit to keep it from coming off, which can easily happen when furling or reefing if there is any wind to cause the sail to flap.

### Reefing

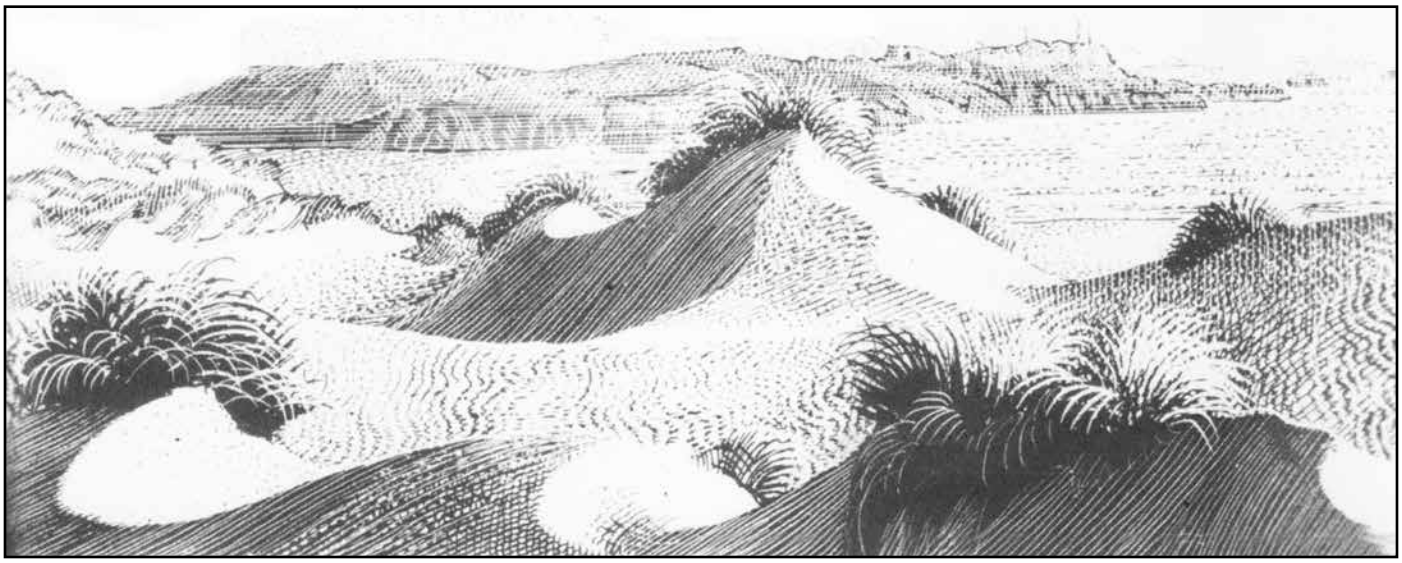
One of the very few weak points of the spritsail is that it is not easy to reef and it can be really awkward and dangerous to do so in rough conditions. Many prefer to tie in the reef before leaving the dock if the weather looks threatening or, if underway, to go to the nearest dock, run the boat up on the beach or ride to anchor to perform this task.

If the sail doesn't have a halyard, it will have to be unshipped from the mast to reef. Otherwise, here's how it's done. Slacken the snotter, unship the sprit, lower the sail, stretch the foot of the sail, tie in the reefs, shift the sheet to the new clew, tie the new tack to the tie-down cleat, lower the snotter to the lower thumb cleat, then set up with the shortened sail. Of course, it's a good idea to have tested all this on dry land prior to first launch.

### Scandalizing

A fast and effective way to reduce sail in a hurry is to scandalize. Slacken the snotter, unship the sprit and remove it from the sail, then fold the peak down leaving a triangular-shaped sail of smaller size and lower windage. Tie the peak to the luff to keep it from thrashing about.

A note on rhythmic rolling: When sailing full before the wind, trim the sail with its head at no more than a 90° angle to the centerline of the boat. If the head of the sail gets forward of the mast in windy conditions, a rhythmic rolling may begin which can become dangerous. This is particularly true of loose-footed sails where there is extreme twist in the sail, as happens when running before the wind.



# Efficient Rowing

By John Murray

What if I were to tell you that everything you believe about rowing is wrong? Some things you read in the following article may seem counter intuitive, but they derive from observation and theory, have been verified experimentally and employed in oar design. Doesn't make sense you say? When Einstein was told that his theory of time dilation at speed didn't make sense he observed that, "Common sense is merely a set of prejudices we acquire before the age of 18."

It is the bane of my life getting my galley slaves to take long slow strokes on our excursions. How can I convince them that long slow strokes driven by the strong torso muscles are less effort than arm driven short strokes? I believe that we can improve our rowing by a careful analysis of the ergonomics of the process.

It is an extraordinary fact that the oar of a racing scull is only 9' long. Based on this, we should be able to calculate the comparative length of an oar for a fixed seat rowing boat. Some rough measurements show that extensions of the body in rowing are as follows:

Legs: About 50 cm or 30% (strong)
Torso: About 50 cm or 30% (very strong)
Arms: About 60 cm or 40%
(relatively weak)

Thus body extension in a fixed seat rowing boat is 70% (arm and torso) of the extension of the sliding seat boat. Consequently, the fixed seat boat should have an oar 70% of 9' which is 6.3' At this stage it behooves us to analyze why the racing sculls use such short oars.

It is commonly believed, and is even mentioned on some websites, that every effort should be made to row with the oar at right angles to the boat as this is thought to be the most efficient mode. Racing sculls have the chance to maximize this option by widening spread (inboard length of the oar) by extending the outriggers so that longer oars can be used. We might expect that moving the oars through an arc of about 60º would then give the optimum performance. However, this is not the case. Racing sculls choose to use shorter oars and swing them through an arc of 100º.

The illustration is a representation of a rower photographed at three stages of the same stroke. The dots represent the position of the blade tip at every 5º of stroke angle the boat is moving up the page relative to the oar blade. Careful study shows that the oar at the end of the stroke has unexpectedly moved forward in the water. The only phase of the stroke where the oar moves in the expected backwards direction is at the drive. This requires some explanation.

One stroke: Position of the blade tip is derived from a photographic record of a racing stroke. A less forceful stroke is likely to exhibit a greater sail and turbo effect. At the catch the blade is moving forward in the water at 3/4 the speed of the boat because of its 70º angle. This forward motion establishes a flow of water from the tip of the blade to the root as shown in the left side of the diagram. A gradual application of effort encourages this water flow with the blade acting like a sail. As the rower applies force to the handle the blade moves 3/4 outward and 1/4 rearward.

According to some theories 3/4 of our effort is being wasted. Instead we have a forward impetus in the water that is especially effective in the same way as a wing or a sail. A rowing blade, due to the density of water, is equivalent to a 270sf windsail. If the blade is stall free then the boat will move forward

over three times faster per change of oar rotation than at the drive, but with 1/3 the force.

As it travels through its stroke the blade changes its angle of drive so rapidly that water begins to slip off the end of the blade due to centrifugal force. This happens about 10º after the catch. This is where the spoon blade is effective as it redirects this departing water in a rearward direction giving more thrust (action and reaction). I have argued in another article "The Turbo Oar" on my website (www.gacooarlocks.com) that a curve of over 50º will be even more effective. This turbo effect obtains only on a spoon oar. The flat blade oar misses out to a large extent on both the sailing and the turbo effect as it stalls in the water and loses energy because of this. It effectively spends more energy stirring the water and is best used with longer oars and shorter strokes.

At the drive the oar has the most power but is less efficient because it is stalling with water flowing around the blade in eddies and wasting energy. At the start, racing sculls use short strokes around the drive angle for acceleration but as speed increases the more efficient large catch angles are employed. Ordinary rowboats suffering heavy loads or headwinds will benefit from shorter strokes around the drive angle. You might say that changing stroke length is the same as changing gears.

The oar is released from the water at less than half the angle at the catch. There are many reason why this is so:

At the catch the water is fresh and undisturbed.

At the catch both the torso and leg muscles are fully employed.

The boat is now travelling at full speed and it is advantageous to make the recovery stroke at this point.

The curve of the spoon oar that works to the advantage of the catch does the reverse at large release angles.

### How Theory Informs Our Rowing

Based on the above the following rules may help guide to a more enjoyable rowing experience.

Spend some money on spoon oars, as they are the most important part of the boat. You might even try the Turbo blades. (There is an excellent article appearing in *Ash Breeze*, 1990 winter edition, that describes among other things how to make a spoon blade. It can be found by googling "John DeLapp, spoon oars.")

Use oars that are no longer than 7½' unless the beam of your boat requires it. The rowlock blocks or side mount sockets on beamy boats might be mounted on the inside of the gunwale. I have reduced the turbo oars to 7'.

Take short strokes when starting or against strong winds.

Take long back strokes with good follow through for the release in good rowing conditions. A golfer always has a good follow through else he will start easing his stroke at the drive. The rowing stroke needs a good follow through for the same reason. Ease your effort into the catch to avoid stalling the oar, then pull harder than for the rest of the stroke.

Mount the sockets 11" from the rear of the rowing seat. If the oarlocks have pins at the front (such as the Douglas and Gaco) mount them 10" from the rear of the seat. Consider two socket positions about 2" apart. Make sure that the sockets are high enough above the seat (9") so that the pulling stroke is towards the shoulders and that the blades can have a high recovery to avoid waves without the handles striking the knees.

Here is a little story to illustrate how long strokes can work to your advantage. During one of our annual races around Dangar Island a young and strong nephew of mine, who is bicycle fit, was neck and neck with me for the entire race. Near the end, I had nothing left but was determined to beat him and in desperation lengthened the stroke of my turbo oars. Then I began to gradually draw away from him and managed for an old fella like myself (70 at the time) a credible second to Hercules (Asher Ashwood a super fit 20-year-old).

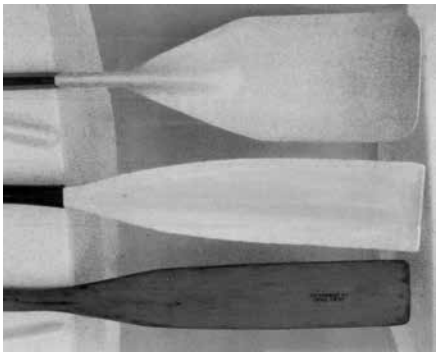
Now give it a try. Get yourself a decent pair of spoon blades or even the Turbo blade. Keep lengthening your backstroke until further extension appears to have no benefit. Feel the delight of having the skiff slip further through the water with each stroke. Pull fairly hard at the catch and gradually ease up through the powerful drive. Then lean the body well back and pull upright with the arms just before releasing. Work on the rowing style at each outing. Remember that the effort required to row is more than the square of the velocity (i.e. four times the power to double speed) so keep the speed as even as possible. Rowers who put the maximum effort into the drive cause the boat to have a jerky motion that can be uncomfortable for the passenger. Row for the comfort of it, rather than to impress the passenger.

### Efficient Oars

It took over 100 years, for any significant development to take place, when the oars and blades both got shorter. The West German team introduced the Macon blade in 1959 where it won all male sweep events except the coxless four. Part of the problem of the long thin blade is that a portion of it moves the wrong way through the water. There is a point of the blade that remains stationary in the water with the portion outboard of the point providing drive and the area inboard providing drag, thereby wasting energy.

Note that the part of the oar inboard of the rowlock remains the same whilst the outboard part gets shorter. Thus we have the following ratios. I have included a figure for the "Turbo" oar that I have designed and favour for use.

| Oar Outboard/Inboard | |
|---|---|
| Square | 2.7 |
| Macon | 2.4 |
| Cleaver | 2.3 |
| Turbo | 2.2 |



Top down: Flat blade, 1955 spoon blade, and the Turbo blade. Could it be that the material used dictates the narrow blades on the first two?

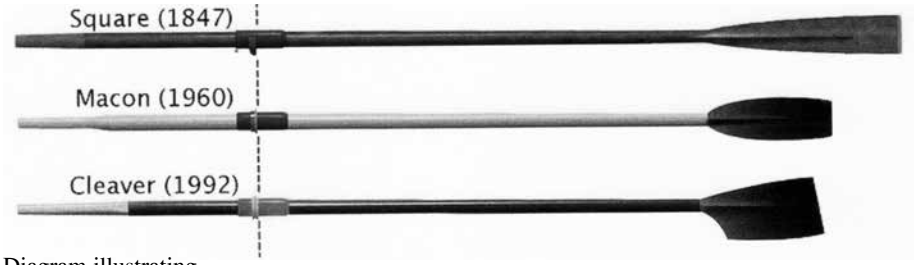



Diagram illustrating oar development over 170 years.

These figures give a theoretical speed magnification of the oar. If all oars were 100% efficient the square blade would give a greater speed, that is the boat would move 2.7 times as far as the oar handle. However it is more likely that the more efficient cleaver blade will move the boat just as far while using less energy in the ration 2.3/2.7. As a percentage this is 85%. Or it might be said that the cleaver blade is almost 20% more efficient than the straight blade with the Macon not far behind.

The only reason to use a flat blade is that it is much easier to make but its efficiency is certainly going to be less than the Macon blade by about 30%. Consequently it should be longer even than the square oar. I would suggest in a ratio of three outboard to one inboard and a smaller stroke angle. This compares with an astonishing 3.5/1 ratio that I have been able to measure from a photo in *Ash Breeze*. Such an oar will have twice the imbalance of an oar with a 2.5/1 ratio. I am aware that the long thin flat blade is allegedly easier to use in a seaway. However I urge you to watch "A Surfboat Tale 2" on youtube. Nobody rows in rougher waters than those blokes and you will notice their very fine rowing with heavily spooned oars. The efficiency obviously outweighs the inconvenience of using the broader spoon blade.

It should be remembered that long strokes save energy from the reduction of movement reversal. Try the rowing stroke without entering the oar into the water and you might be amazed at the energy expended achieving nothing. As well the shorter lighter oars are much easier to work and require less rowing room on the water. I have been surprised by the size and weight of whaleboat oars, and, feel that they may have been better off using lighter shorter oars. Certainly the weight of the oars is part of the complaint about the effort required to row them.

Galley slaves bank oars for a rest with the author as stroke. Drug of choice, exercise induced endorphins.

34' replica of a 6-oar NZ bay whaler, built by The Living Boat Trust, Franklin, Tasmania. Note the different oar lengths for the varying boat widths. It is "awkward" to row because the oars are too heavy, the rigging needs attention, and, a regular crew would help.

It is a delight to watch a stylish rower in action and it is my hope that this article will encourage more rowers to aim for this. We may have a long way to go, as, of the 16 oar photographs in the fall 2013 issue of *Ash Breeze*, not one is a spoon oar. Nobody bats an eyelid at paying over $1,000 for an outboard but rowers seem to object to paying a fraction of this for a decent spoon blade oar.

Before even starting on this quest the rower needs to pay attention to the rigging of the rowboat. This will include:

Having an adjustable foot stretcher.

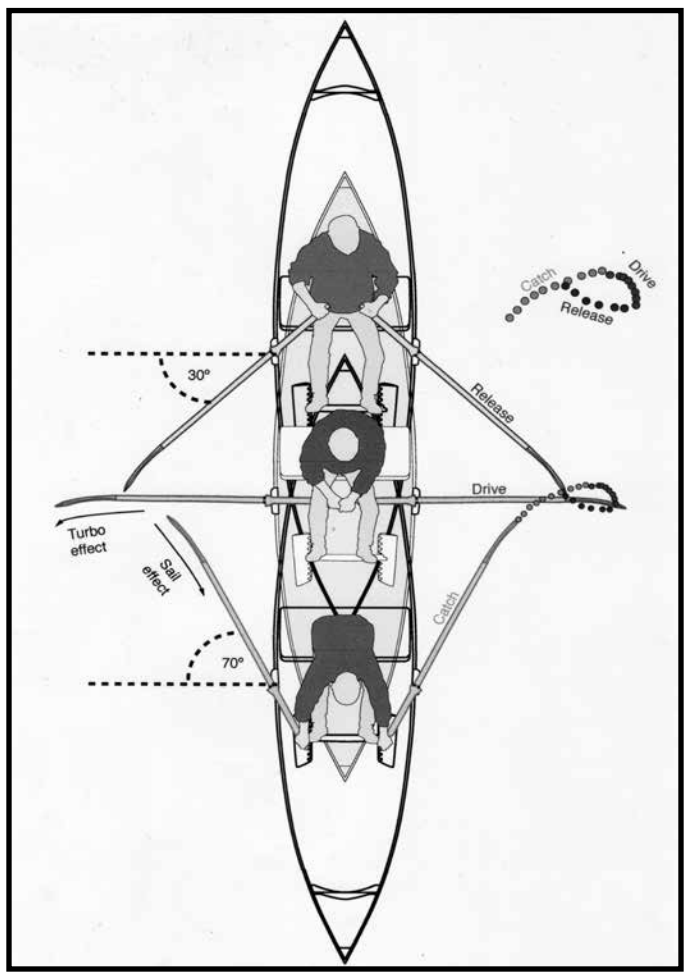
Acquiring a decent spoon blade or turbo oar, preferably with a D-shaped shaft.

Using D-shaped oarlocks to relieve some of the stress of gripping the oar (the Douglas and Gaco oarlocks.)

Paying careful attention to the height of seat and the placing of oarlock sockets.

Acquiring a nice light, easily driven skiff or dory.

So there you go, why not set yourself the goal of turning your boat into a refined rowing craft, one step at a time, such that it is a delight to stroke efficiently down the waterway. You will find yourself looking forward to it and your health and enjoyment will benefit. As Francis Herreshoff has said: "Almost nothing will give a person a greater feeling of wellbeing than a good long row."



# A Better Winch Post Bumper

By Moby Nick Scheur

It's a familiar problem to many who haul their boats to water on trailers, yet we rarely see solutions. We've backed the trailer down into the water in order to retrieve the boat, we've hooked up the winch, we've cranked and cranked and cranked and pulled the boat all the way up to where the bow touches the rubber V-bumper and we get back in the vehicle and drive the rig out onto dry land. Right?

So, we get out of our vehicles to secure the stern strap, or lower the mast or whatever else we always do after we get the boat out of the water, and THAT'S when we notice the bow is no longer touching the winch post bumper. There's a 5" GAP! WHAT HAPPENED?

Well, when we winched the boat onto the trailer, the stern was still floating. When the bow touched the winch post bumper, the keel was lying at a somewhat shallower angle than the trailer bunks, or rollers. But after we've pulled everything up out of the water, the keel is in line with the trailer. Yep, as the stern settled down onto the trailer, the bow's stem tipped back a bit, opening a gap by the bumper. NOW WHAT?

Well, if you've been out fishing in a Lund or Starcraft outboard skiff, you go 'round to the back end where the Evinrude is and put some shoulder into it. The aluminum hull will emit a satisfying "bump" when the bow closes the gap with the bumper.

However, if you've got a 28' Sea Ray, or a Precision 23, or a 28' Shearwater Yawl, or an Albin 25, your shoulder won't get the job done. No sir, you need to apply some "Yankee Ingenuity" or some "Redneck Resourcefulness," depending on your geographic location.

Some folks just drive away, pick up a little speed, then stomp on the brakes, knowing that age old helper "MOMENTUM" will slide the boat forward on the trailer and she won't stop until she hits something solid, like the winch post bumper.

Other folks, having a copious spread of those fancy "wobble rollers" on their trailers, may close the gap with some more winch cranking, this time without the aid of water lubrication.

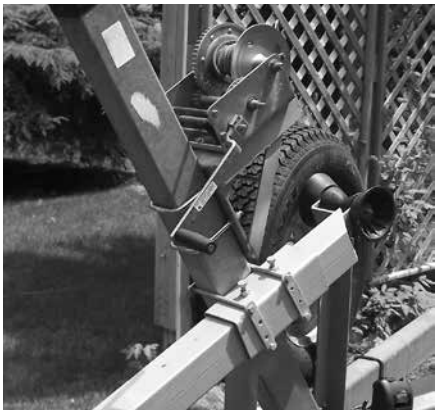
Here's another idea, move the bumper to meet the boat. It worked for many years for our Shearwater Yawl *True North* and now it's working for our Albin 25 Diesel Motor Cruiser, the *Du Nord*. Our winch post bumper is mounted on a sliding beam.

I first slide the bumper beam forward before backing the trailer down the ramp, then winch the boat up until her bow almost touches the winch spool. After pulling out, I slide the bumper beam aft until it touches the hull and secure it with a couple of 1/2" hex head set screws and we're good to go.

Our Shearwater's trailer had the sliding beam above the winch so it was centered atop the post. The Albin's trailer has the beam positioned below the winch so it is offset to one side, with the rubber bumper offset again, back to center.

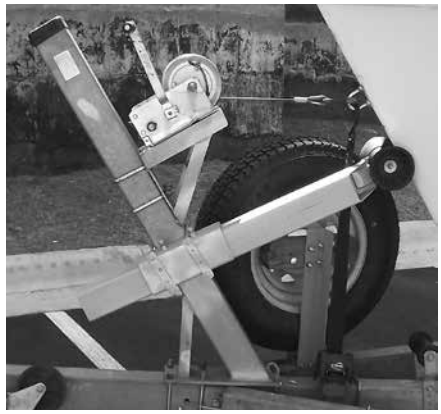
If you use a ramp where landlubbers hang out for entertainment, this item of gear will make it look like you know your apples from your elbows, maybe even make up for having backed your rig up a little crooked.

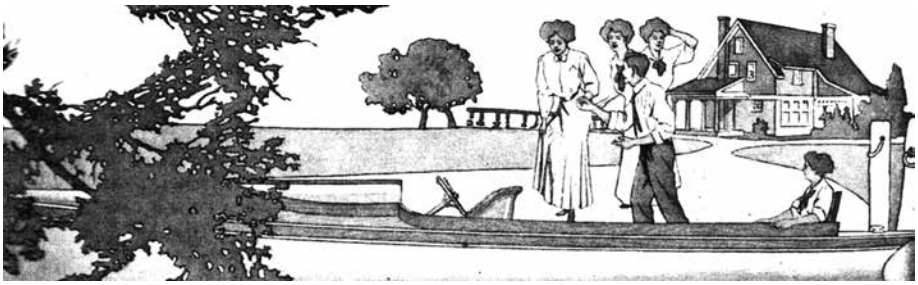
Winch stand.



Hull partially afloat.

Hull resting on bunks.





# Birch Bark
## Building Report

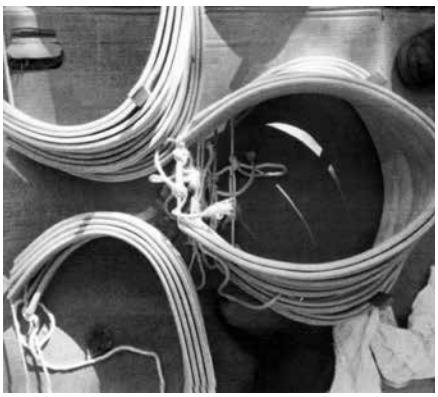
By Larry Pixley
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Newsletter

Larry Pixley, of Falmouth, Maine, has recently completed a two week course with master builder Steve Cayard in Wellington, Maine, with five other students, three of whom were First Nation tribal members from Woodstock, New Brunswick. The course was given at Cayard's shop and the finished product is a thing of beauty. Larry has shared with us a description of the birch bark building process, as taught in the class:

Steve Cayard is a "National Treasure" for his mastery of the craft, historical accuracy and meticulous attention to detail in the building process. He is well respected by, and enjoys excellent relations with, the Malaseet, Micmac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes. He has taught them how to build these canoes as they have lost the art over the years.

Before the students arrived Steve had already harvested the bark and cedar for the ribs, planking and gunwales. The cedar that he uses is as clear as it comes. He splits it all by hand with a froe and each plank is done with a crooked knife while the wood is green. The crooked knife leaves a natural sheen.

The ribs were pre-cut but not yet bent. Ribs were bent on day two and left to dry prior to their insertion at the end of the building process. Gunwales and thwarts were already cut and ready to go awaiting the mortise and tenon joints that were later pegged and lashed. Everything is fastened with hundreds of pegs that the students made during the off-the-canoe time. No glue, nails, staples or sandpaper are ever used in Steve's canoes. Standards are high, even the slightest flatness in a peg was rejected as it might trap moisture.



Pre-bent ribs will be trimmed to fit and then wedged between the gunwales to hold the planking in place.

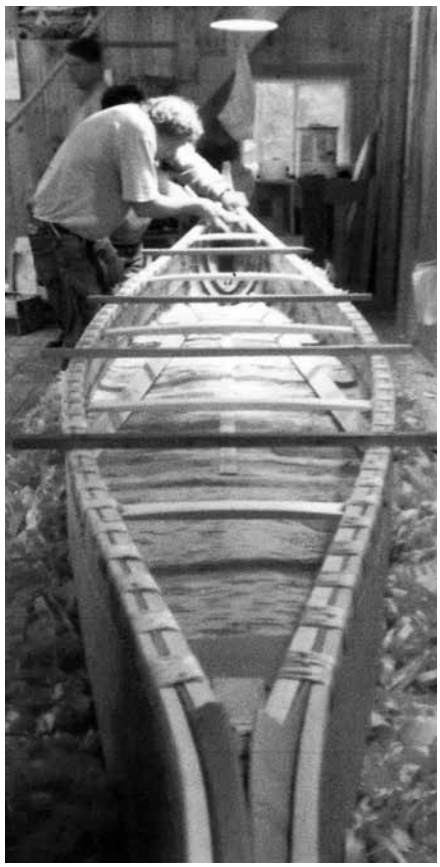
The students dug half of the spruce roots, boiled them, split them and used them for lashing and stitching. There are three main styles of stitching the 20 separate panels that were joined plus a number of specialty ones like the "butterfly" that starts the bark decks. All the ribs are boiled rather than steamed and great care is taken to bend the very tips of the ribs to form beautiful tumblehomes.

The building process is far different than our traditional wood/canvas construction on a form. First the gunwales and thwarts (five) are assembled into the "frame". Wet bark is laid out on a large table with many peg holes and then the "frame" is put on top of the bark. Boards are placed along the gunwales and huge rocks are added to keep the bark absolutely flat. Posts are installed around the "frame" as the sides are bent up. Next, the panels are stitched up the side of the pegs. Eventually the gunwales will be lashed and pegged to the inwales, sandwiching the bark.

Large rocks hold the birch bark down on the form while the pegs hold the sides in place.

Then the planking is held in place with temporary ribs. The planking is carefully fitted, each piece trimmed using the crooked knife. Lastly the actual ribs are bent in and wedged between the gunwales. The final four hours of the workshop were spent pitching the seams with a combination of pine resin, moose fat and beeswax. Cayard mixed the three ingredients like a master chef until the consistency was just right. The mixture must be hard enough to resist the elements, soft enough to remain flexible and runny enough to seal the seams.

As the stitching progresses the canoe is starting to take shape. No modern fasteners here, just what the natives had available from nature.



Larry applying the resin to the stem area of the new birch bark canoe.

At the end of the course, when the finished canoe was launched, as it was put in the water a great blue heron took off from the rushes and circled the canoe so the three natives in the group of students immediately announced that it should be named for the blue heron. Who can argue with thousands of years of native wisdom? The Heron she will be.

Here is the finished product, waiting to be launched. This native style canoe was ready for the water in two weeks, it takes five weeks just for the filler to cure when building a wood canvas canoe.

# From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

The US Coast Guard carries out inspection of commercial vessels and reports on deficiencies. An article in the October/November 2013 issue of *Professional Mariner* listed the ten most common problem areas. Those of us in the non commercial world might want to consider if our boat would pass the inspection.

First on the list was the "improper location of remote fuel shutoff valves." While most of us do not have remote fuel shutoff valves, we do have some means of shutting off the fuel to the engine. The question revolves around "can you shut off the fuel to the engine if there is an engine fire without going into the engine space?" In most cases I will venture that the answer is "No."

Second on the list was "improper installation of general alarms." If you have an inboard engine there should be an alarm for engine overheating at your control station. Is there? Does it work? My Westerbeke has an alarm and an automatic shutoff of the engine if it overheats. Some people also have an alarm/light if the bilge pump comes on when the boat is operating. For us, the question is "do the existing alarms work?"

Third on the list was "improper navigation lights." Every so often at dusk I go down to the boat and switch on the navigation lights and then the anchor light to see if they work. If not, the next day I start checking wiring connections and bulb conditions to find the problem. It is usually a corroded connection.

The fourth item on the list, "inadequate drug and alcohol testing and improper records of tests," should not be one of our concerns, unless we count the number of empty beer cans as a record of use during the day on the water.

A functioning "fire detection control panel" may (or may not) be of concern. It would be nice to know that the engine is on fire before the flames come up through the engine box, but then what? One recommendation I read a while back was to have a "fire port" that would allow us to unscrew the opening and stick in the $CO_2$ extinguisher nozzle to smother the fire without adding more air (and a possible flareup) by opening the engine box.

Do you have a logbook and is it current? That was one of the deficiencies noted in the list. I use a "deck log" when operating our boat and then transfer the information to the actual log when back on land. Some people do not have any kind of log of their activities, the boat operation or the like.

Of interest to me was the deficiency of an "improper or non working compass." The requirement is for each vessel to have a compass that is illuminated, card type, magnetic and can be read from the steering station. Seems simple and obvious but the lack shows up on the list.

"Malfunctioning marine sanitation devices" was also on the list. In addition to operating instructions you should also have treatment chemicals on board to meet the Coast Guard's commercial vessel requirements.

Where are your fire extinguishers and can you get them operational in short order? The "improper installation of fire extinguisher brackets" was one of the deficiencies noted by the Coast Guard. It seems that some manufacturers do not provide proper brackets for their product and/or the bracket is not mounted properly for quick retrieval of the extinguisher.

Most of us would not be among those with "improper official number markings on vessel" because of requirements of state registration for our boat (unless it is exempt). But it seems that this deficiency is one of those on the Coast Guard's list.

All of the above may not apply to your boat, but I thought you all might find it interesting.

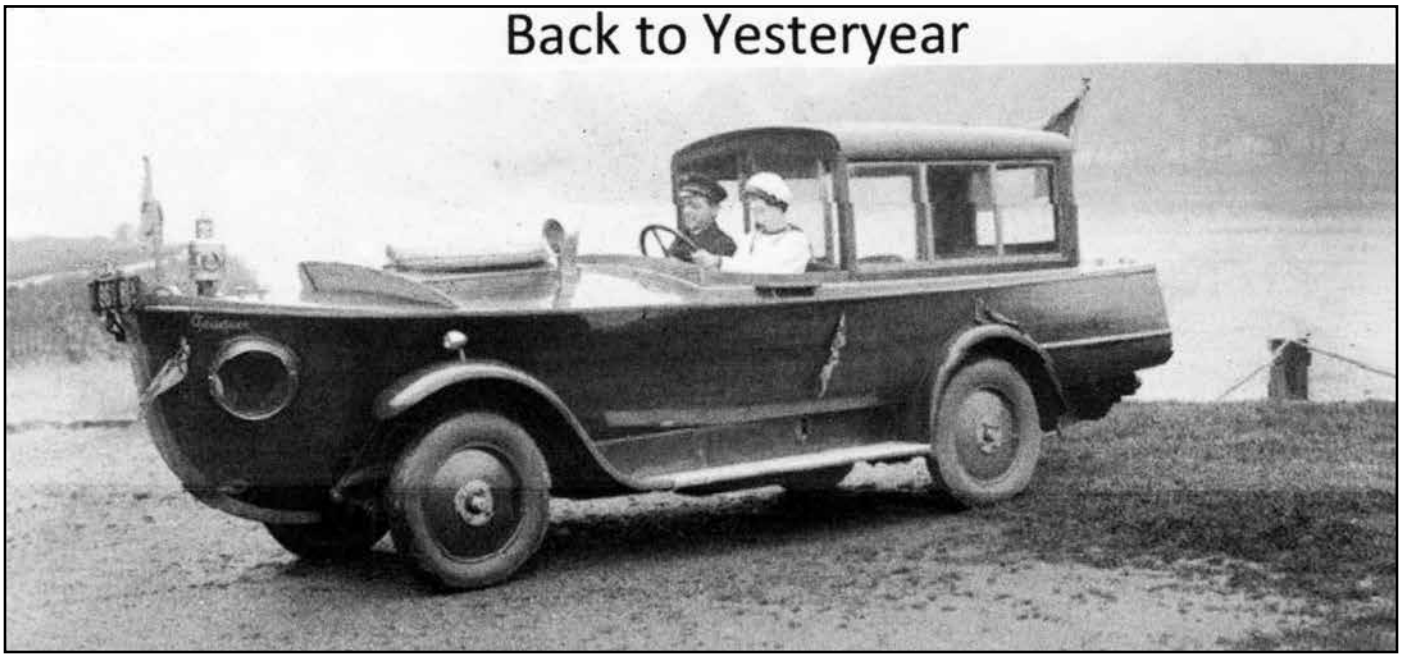
We have all read about the problems generated with ethanol in boat fuel. From corroded fuel tanks to non functioning carburetors, the list seems to be endless. If your boat has any hydraulics, you might be interested in some studies about the new ecological friendly lubricants that have problems in the real world.

A very informative article in *Marine News* (September 2013 issue) on lubricants noted that most marine lubricants are petroleum based and those that are not have problems in terms of degrading over time. And some of the non petroleum based lubricants are not compatible with existing hoses and seals. If you have lubricants on your boat, you might want to find a copy of the issue and start reading on page 28.

"Measure twice, cut once" is one of those sayings that has validity. However, you can do the measuring and cutting and still have a problem. I carefully measured (three times) and then cut a piece of hose, only to have it a bit too long and needing to be slightly trimmed. Cutting hose is not that easy in the first place and trimming is more of a challenge. However, there is a solution to the trimming in terms of keeping the hose from flexing while you trim.

Insert an old piece of the next size down hose into the hose you want to cut. The insert provides stability and it does not matter if the cutting blade cuts into it also. For my needs, a couple of extra pieces of old hose of different outside diameters are easier to store than the alternative of keeping an assortment of dowel sticks of different diameters to provide stability and a cutting surface. Either works, it depends on your needs and storage space.

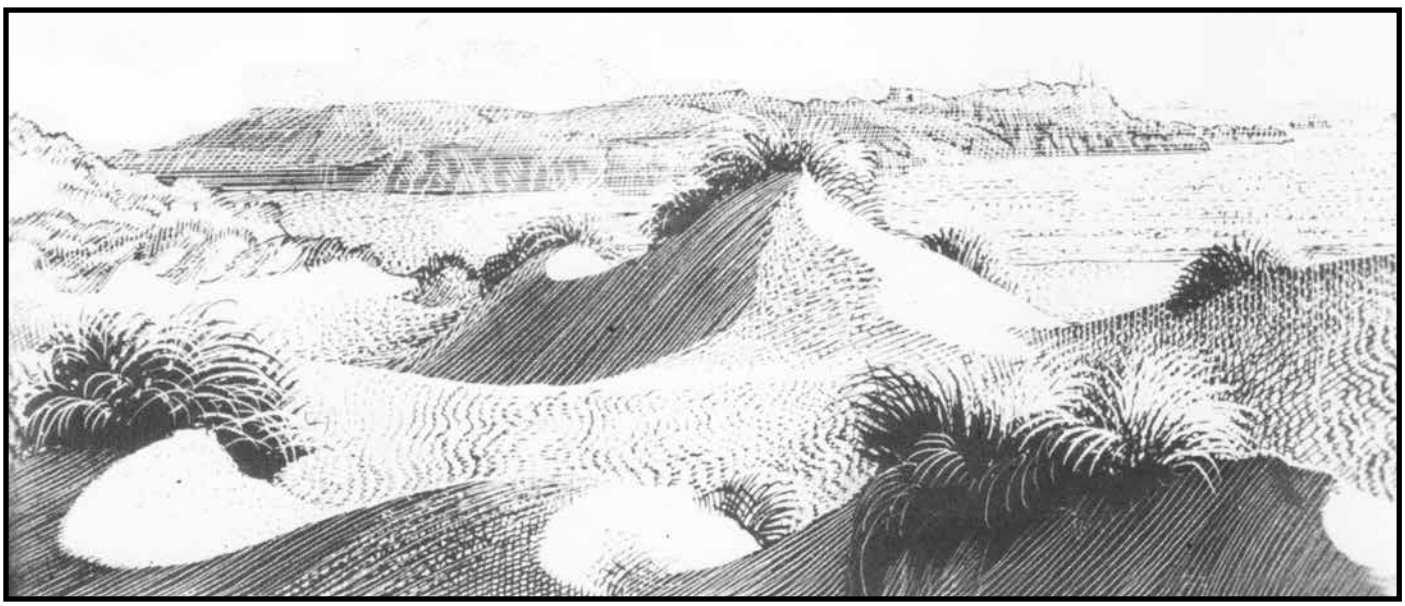
One of the joys of working with glues, fiberglass or epoxy is securing what is being fastened together, either use a fastener that stays with (or under) the project or extract the fasteners. The Fall 2013 issue of *Epoxyworks®* (epoxyworks.com) has an informative article on ways to keep the fasteners (in this case, screws) from sticking using a variety of release agents (my favorite is a wax toilet ring). There is also material on home use products that can be used as release agents for mold release if you are into that type of endeavor.



# Builders & Restorers

# Plans & Kits

# Supplies



# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE


**O'Day 192,** '88 small cabin sailboat. Boat & sails exc, gd trlr, 55lb electric motor, jiffy reef main & roller reef jib & hank on jib. Asking $2,810.
HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-0064. (1)

**14' FG Cape Dory Sailboat,** balanced lug rig w/ tanbark sail. Plumb stem, wineglass transom. Have to see picture to appreciate. On tilt-bed trlr. Shaw and Tenney spoon-blade oars incl. Located in western Ohio, will deliver 250 miles. I am 85.
CHUCK, (419) 222-0386, csiferd@woh.rr.com.

**Refinished Old Town,** '31 started, shipped out finished in '39. All Grade AA mahogany, canvas covered, no repairs, sponsons, 4' front deck, t&g planking, natural knee bracing. $4,500 firm.
JIM PETERSON, Big Lake Twp, ME, (207) 796-5576. (12)


**20' Simmons Sea Skiff,** center console, gd cond older Johnson o/b. Running gear incl. Rebuilt trlr w/new wheels, axle, springs. $5,500
ED TOOLE, Kennedyville, MD, (410) 348-5136. (12)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

**19'6" Rescue Minor Skiff,** by William Atkin. Launched March '09. Shallow draft (8"). Hull is composite encapsulated w/epoxy, outside hull & decks covered w/6oz cloth for low maintenance. Frames trim grade KDAT southern yellow pine bronze fastened (yes, Virginia, shelves & deck beams fastened w/HD galvanized bolts). Chines & sheer clamps steam bent yellow poplar. Stem, box deadwood, engine beds all 2" mahogany. Hull planking fir marine plywood sides 3/4" (2 layers 3/8"), keel 1-1/2" (2 layers 3/4"). Engine Yanmar 3GM20, 20 shaft hp, 2.61 reduction gear. 13" 3-blade bronze prop protected by grounding shoe. Bronze stern tube & PYI drip-less packing gland. Custom tiller steering. 26gal welded aluminum diesel tank. Fuel consumption less than 1/2gph. Battery is Interstate Group 27 w/main switch. Electrical bonding system. Wiring connectors heat shrunk tagged & numbered. 2 bilge pumps, 1 manual, 1 automatic/manual. Florida title & registration. Ritchie Power Damp compass, Garmin GPS 182 Color. Navigation lights, horn, fuel gauge, rod holders, rod storage rack, dry storage in bow. Deck cleats, bow eye, stern lifting eyes, engine box console cover. 1st Place Winner '09 Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival; Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL April 18. Best in Show, Launch, '09 Apalachicola Classic Boat Show; April 25. Custom built galv trlr. Can deliver all or part way for reasonable mileage. This could be your great grandchildren's boat. Price reduced to $33,000. Located in NW Florida. A video taken from this boat can be seen if you Google: youtube Blackwaterbm1 & select the TuckerBayouFL video.
CAPT. DAN HOUSTON, captdan50@hotmail.com (12)

**Chaisson Dory Tender,** 10'0"x3'11-1/2", built to professional standards in '10. Cedar on oak, copper & bronze fastened, fine cond. $900. **Asa Thompson Skiff**, 11'2"x4'3", built to professional standards, copper & bronze fastened. Fine cond/. $1,050
JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (12)

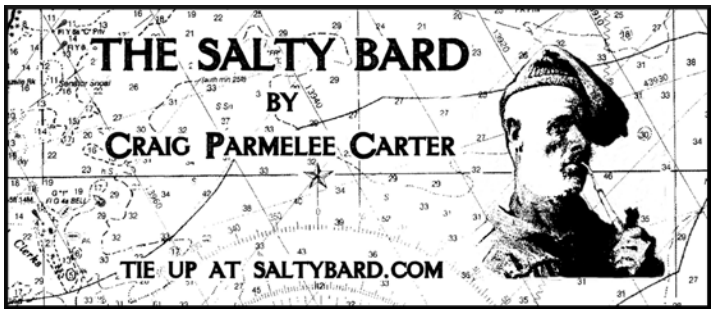
**'95 Menger 19 Catboat,** in vy gd cond. 9hp Yanmar Diesel. Stainless steel fuel tank, inspection port. White interior, varnished ash wainscoting cabin sides, teak and holly cabin sole, centerboard trunk w/varnished drop leaf table & Porta-Potti. Automatic/electric bilge pump, nav lights, 2 brass cabin lights, Tabernacle mast, cabin top hatch w/ screen, bronze folding steps on rudder & transom, cabin cushions, Harken blocks, lazy-jacks, single line reefing. Brand new sail (never used) plus original sail (pictured). New boom cover. 3,200lb capacity Load Rite trailer w/new tires. Always fresh water sailed, boat stored inside. I am 2nd owner; selling for personal health reasons. $20,000 OBO.
RUSSELL JONES, Memphis, TN, (901) 496-5866, attydrjonesjr@bellsouth.net. (12)

**13'4" Boston Whitehall Pulling Boat,** 5/8" mahogany strips over white oak frame. Faithfully (well) built to plans drawn by R.A. Pittaway from the 1900-1920, example in the Mystic Seaport Collection, classic wineglass stern & plumb stem. Finished bright inside & out. Like new aluminum Trail-Lex trlr & rarely used boat offered at $2,500 obo. Blueprint's & construction notes incl.
LEWIS TAYLOR, Little Compton, RI, (401) 635-4464 (12)

**'03 Herreshoff 12-1/2,** Cape Cod Shipbuilding, f/g w/mahogany transom & trim, gaff-rigged, spruce spars. Original Thurston sails incl spinnaker & pole. On custom Triad trlr w/all manufacturer's options: mooring & winter covers, seat cushions, compass, boarding ladder, lifting harness, burgee pole. For sale by original owner. Gently sailed on Lake Michigan, wintered indoors. Varnish & bottom paint need a bit of refreshing, but she's otherwise ready to sail. $20,000.
M.G. LUKEN, Chicago, IL, (708) 822-5550, lukenmd@msn.com or. (12)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Set of Tanbark Rockall Sails,** for a Drascombe Longboat, Never used. Sailbag incl. $600 plus shipping.
GRANT GAMBELL, Gambell and Hunter Sailmakers, Camden, ME, (207) 236-3561, info@gambellandhunter.net (12)




# YACHT CLUB PARTY

(Sing to the tune "Garden Party" by Rick Nelson)

I went to a yacht club party, invited as a guest
I didn't know quite what to wear, I wore my Sunday best
When I got to the yacht club party, no one knew my name
They whispered to each other, did I have acclaim

(chorus)
Take a yacht club bow, you've made it here somehow
You know you can't afford the dues so just enjoy the chow

The members were all dressed alike, blue blazers one and all
brass buttons and the yacht club patch, it's the protocol
A rogues gallery of commodores was hanging on the wall
going back before the dawn of man, to neanderthal

Take a yacht club bow, you've made it here somehow
You know you can't afford the dues so just enjoy the chow

When the sun went down we gathered round for a ceremonial salute
Someone fired off a cannon, I nearly soiled my suit
I huddled at the cash bar, a fitting antidote
When the barkeep handed me the tab, was like a ransom note

Take a yacht club bow, you've made it here somehow
You know you can't afford the dues so just enjoy the chow

I mingled with the members, they couldn't help but gloat
they asked me the same thing again and again
tell me, just how big's your boat
They asked if I'd like to join their club, would my support be staunch
I shook my head and all I said was, I'd rather drive the launch

Take a yacht club bow, you've made it here somehow
You know you can't afford the dues so just enjoy the chow
lott-in-dah-dah-dah, lot-in-dah-dah-dah
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, skiddle-dee-and-dah

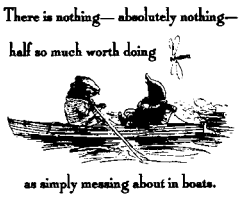


## GEAR FOR SALE

**Free Set of Station Molds,** for 15' Rangeley boat. Laser cut MDF w/clamping grooves. Free for the hauling, but $50 royalty payable to Newfound Woodworks when buidling.
D. SIEV, (515) 233-6223, iowa.siev@gmail.com (1)

**'98, 6hp Mercury O/B,** 15" shaft, 2-stroke, looks & runs like new, new 3 gal tank, new hose & connectors, Fulton Marine 1710 transom motor bracket. All items in as new cond. Engine has very few hours, 8 or 10. $800 Photos on request. **Steering Wheel Helm,** complete w/compass & brake. 20" wheel, push-pull cable operation, good for small boat. $450.
MIKE HOWSLEY, DeRidder, LA, (337) 462-9384, mhows@ymail.com. (1)

**Sardine Wood Stove,** antique mfg by Lunenburg Foundry, w/o roll rails, CI cover plate replaced w/ steel disk w/o lifting slot. Go cond, useable, functional. $185.
GORDON GEASLAND, Conshohocken, PA, (610) 940-2668. (12)

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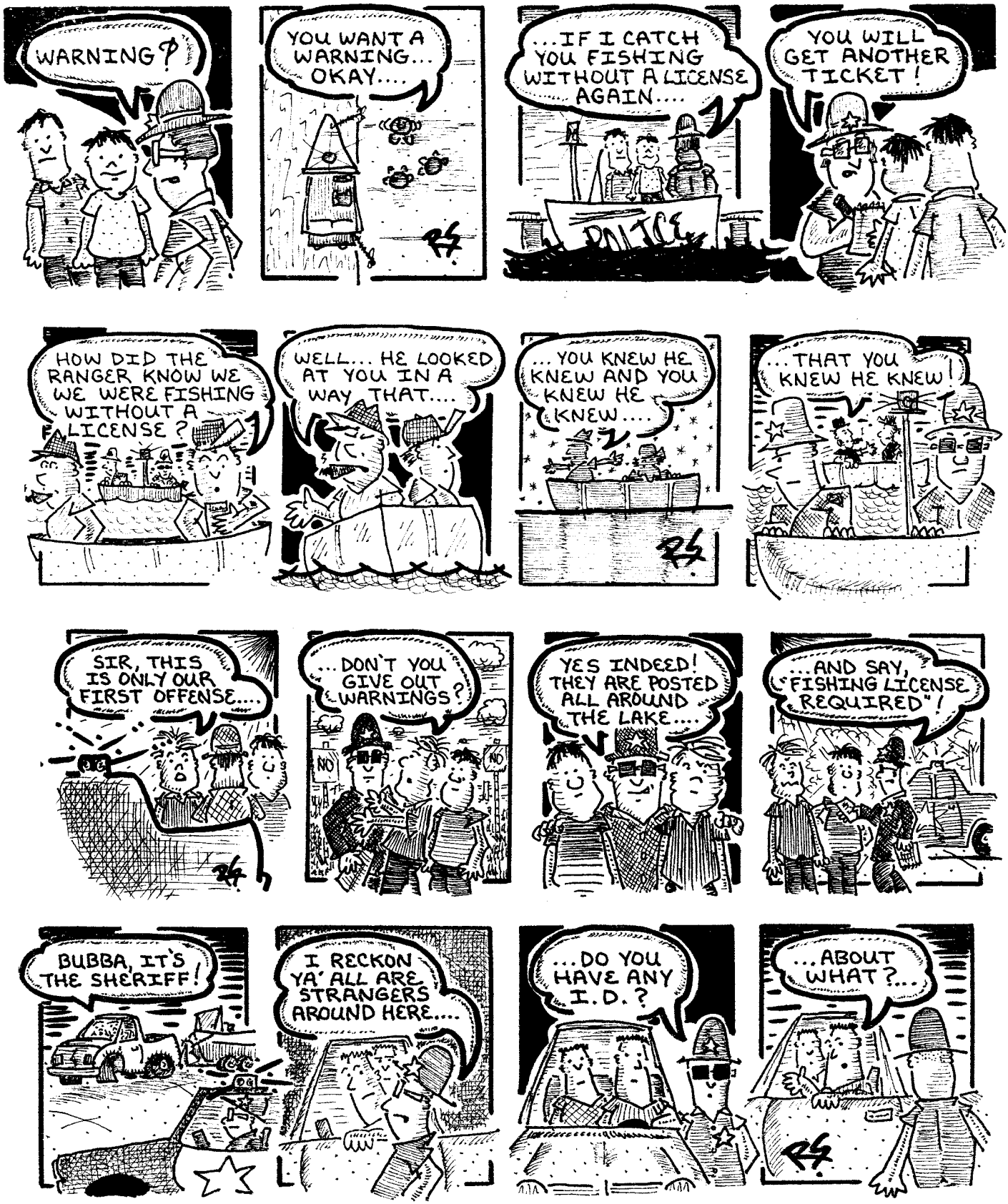
# Shiver Me Timbers

*By: Robert L. Summers*

## About those fishing licenses...



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